

25 cents

DECEMBER 1946

The American Mercury

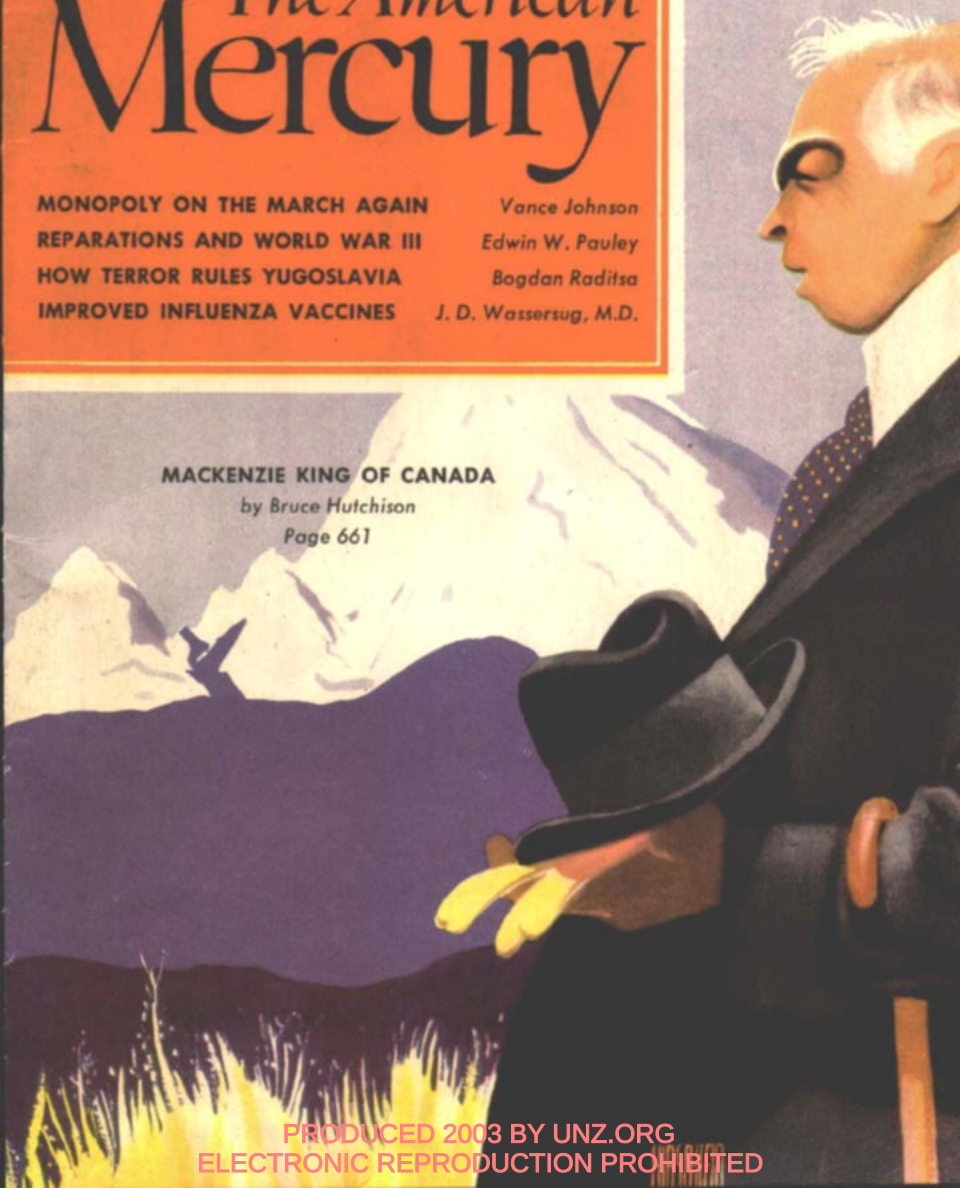
**MONOPOLY ON THE MARCH AGAIN
REPARATIONS AND WORLD WAR III
HOW TERROR RULES YUGOSLAVIA
IMPROVED INFLUENZA VACCINES**

*Vance Johnson
Edwin W. Pauley
Bogdan Raditsa
J. D. Wassersug, M.D.*

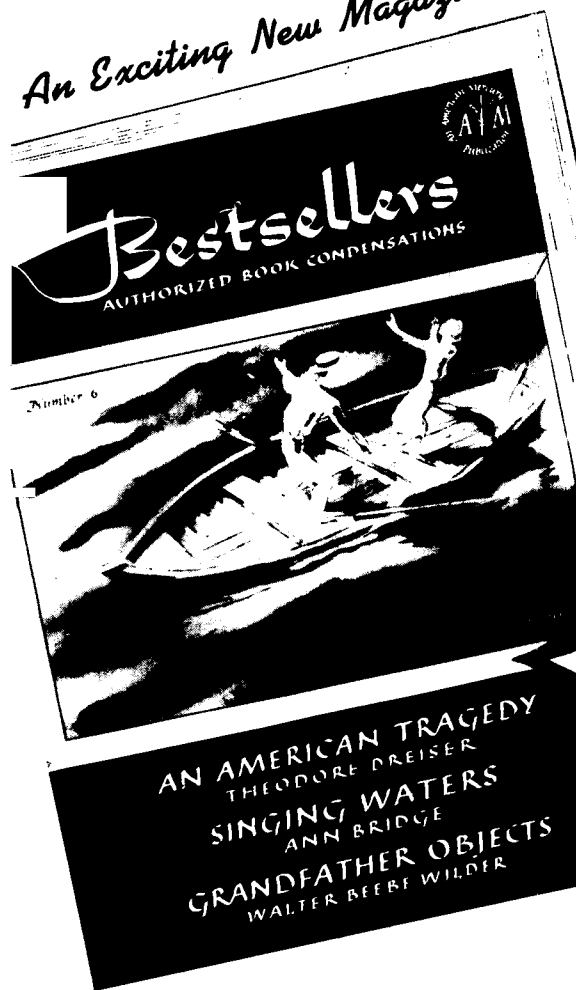
MACKENZIE KING OF CANADA

*by Bruce Hutchison
Page 661*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



An Exciting New Magazine



LOOK for "Bestsellers" at your newsstand. It's published every other month in handy digest size, each issue containing skillful condensations of three fiction or non-fiction favorites. Buy a copy today — 25c.

BY SUBSCRIPTION: \$1.50 A YEAR. "Bestsellers" is published every other month—six times a year. Enjoy the convenience of doorstep delivery . . . be sure of getting every issue . . . by sending your subscription to "Bestsellers," 570 Lexington Ave., New York 22, N. Y. (In Canada: \$1.75. No foreign subscriptions accepted.)

Three Outstanding Books Condensed In One Volume

25c

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

**In the Current Issue —
Now on Sale —**

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY Theodore Dreiser

"I do not know where else in American fiction one can find the situation here presented dealt with so fearlessly, so intelligently . . . so veraciously." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune* . . . "as a portrayal of one of the darker phases of the American character, it demands attention." — *N. Y. Times*.

SINGING WATERS Ann Bridge

"There is joy in every page of 'Singing Waters' in doing the simple, necessary things of life for whose loss no easily-come-by modern mechanized luxuries can possibly compensate." — *Chicago Sun* . . . "Ann Bridge has written a story at once rippling and thought-provoking." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune*.

GRANDFATHER OBJECTS Walter Beebe Wilder

"Positively the funniest thing written, spoken, living or dead." — *Hartford Times* . . . "Grandfather's repartee and Wilder's wit should arouse the most dormant sense of humor." — *Chicago News*.

Bestsellers

The Exciting New Magazine That Condenses
Three Outstanding Books in One Volume. . .

PRESENTS

**ONE OF THE GREATEST
BOOK BARGAINS EVER OFFERED**

27 AUTHORIZED CONDENSATIONS **\$1.50**
OF CURRENT FAVORITES

BESTSELLERS is the absorbing new magazine that brings you three outstanding current books condensed in each issue. It's for busy people who want to save reading time . . . who want to enjoy the best of the current fiction and non-fiction favorites . . . and who want to keep informed about the books people are talking about.

ALL BESTSELLERS abridgments are made with the consent of the author or his publisher, and in the author's own words. Nothing is added, nothing changed; you get the full flavor of the narrative and all the "meat" of the contents in a handy, digest-size volume every other month.

The regular subscription rate for one year (six issues) of BESTSELLERS is only \$1.50. Subscriptions received now start with the current issue containing these three much-discussed books:

An American Tragedy by Theodore Dreiser
Singing Waters by Ann Bridge
Grandfather Objects by Walter Beebe Wilder

But to introduce BESTSELLERS to new subscribers, we will also send you—*entirely without charge*—three earlier issues. There are no strings attached to this offer—no hedges or qualifications. Simply mail the coupon below with \$1.50, and you will receive a total of 9 issues—containing 27 fascinating condensations—during the next year. Because our supply of early issues is limited, it is important that you mail your subscription at once. Please do it now!

**FREE . . . with
your subscription
— Condensations
of these 9
Fascinating Books**

Bestsellers No. 5

THE LOST WEEKEND
by Charles Jackson

SUB ROSA
by Stewart Alsop and
Thomas Braden

MODERN WOMEN IN LOVE
edited by Christina Stead
and William Blake

Bestsellers No. 3

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN
by George and
Helen Papashvily

PRATER VIOLET
by Christopher Isherwood

THE MANATEE
by Nancy Bruff

Bestsellers No. 2

THAT GIRL FROM MEMPHIS
by Wilbur Daniel Steele

**AMERICAN GUERRILLA
IN THE PHILIPPINES**
by Ira Wolfert

ONE MAN'S MEAT
by E. B. White

BESTSELLERS

AM-12-46

570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

I enclose \$1.50 for a one-year subscription to Bestsellers (6 issues) on condition that you send me free of charge three issues previously published.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Zone..... State.....

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

with which is combined the magazine, COMMON SENSE

VOLUME
LXIII

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER
276

DECEMBER, 1946

Monopoly on the March Again.....	Vance Johnson	645
Reparations and World War III.....	Edwin W. Pauley	654
Mackenzie King of Canada.....	Bruce Hutchison	661
How Terror Rules Yugoslavia.....	Bogdan Raditsa	669
Businessman's Newspaper.....	Caroline Bird Menuez	676
The Night Before the Trial, <i>A Story</i>	Anton Chekhov	684
Veterans and the Civil Service.....	Miriam Roher	689
Mobile.....	Owen P. White	696
Improved Influenza Vaccines.....	Joseph D. Wassersug, M. D.	706
THE THEATRE:		
<i>O'Neill: A Critical Summation</i>	George Jean Nathan	713
The Legacy of Alexander Hamilton.....	Nathan Schachner	720
The Great Tillamook Fire.....	Stewart H. Holbrook	726
DOWN TO EARTH:		
<i>The Language of Animals</i>	Alan Devoe	731
Burton Holmes: American Traveler.....	Arthur Bronson	735
A Jeeter Wedding, <i>A Story</i>	Dorothy Thomas	741
POETRY:		
<i>Song for a Winter Dance</i>	Charles Angoff	688
<i>Old Wound</i>	Ethel Barnett de Vito	719
THE LIBRARY		
<i>Twelve Success Stories</i>	Ben Ray Redman	749
THE CHECK LIST.....		757
THE OPEN FORUM.....		759
INDEX TO VOLUME LXIII.....		763
CARTOONS BY LOW AND STEINBERG		

COVER (Mackenzie King) by Hirschfeld

Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscriptions, \$3.00 in U. S. and possessions, Canada and in the countries of the Pan American Union. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A. Copyright 1946 by The American Mercury, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all other countries

participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. No article may be reprinted in whole or part without permission.

Lawrence E. Spivak, *Editor and Publisher*

Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*

Mildred Falk, William Jay Gold, *Associate Editors*; Joseph W. Ferman, *Business Manager*;

Richard E. Decker, *Circulation Manager*; Elizabeth Pinkston, *Promotion Manager*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recipe for Good Telephone Service

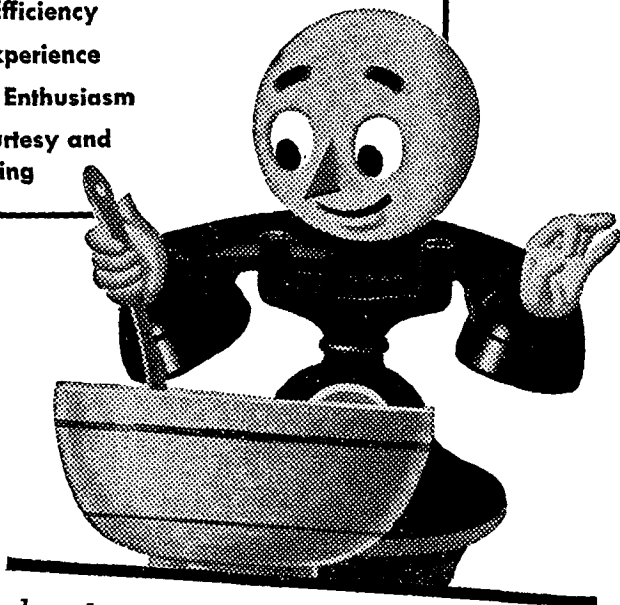
**Take four Ms and a W: Men and Women, Money,
Management and Materials**

Stir well with Efficiency

Season with Experience

Add a dash of Enthusiasm

**Serve with Courtesy and
Understanding**



It takes many people and many things to keep on giving you the best telephone service in the world.

It takes a lot of money — investors' money — to provide the facilities.

There's an investment of \$240 behind your telephone and every one of the 25,000,000 telephones in the Bell System.

It takes good management and

good employees to operate these facilities. There are about 600,000 Bell System employees — many in management and supervisory positions.

It takes faith in the future. We are busy right now on a \$2,000,000,000 building and expansion program — to catch up with the Nation's needs and give you more and better service than ever before.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





UNCLE



AUNT



GRANDMA



GRANDPA



FATHER



MOTHER



BROTHER



SISTER



NEPHEW



NIECE



SON



DAUGHTER



What one gift would please them all?

No matter what their tastes . . .
their hobbies . . . their likes or dis-
likes . . . there's *one* gift that will
please them at Christmas time, each
and every one.

That gift is a United States
Savings Bond.

This Christmas, put at least one
Savings Bond under the tree for
someone you love.

*Contributed by this magazine in co-operation
with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.*



The American MERCURY

MONOPOLY ON THE MARCH AGAIN

BY VANCE JOHNSON

COMPETITION is disappearing from American business at the fastest rate in fifteen years. Big business is becoming bigger. Smaller competitors are disappearing in mergers. Small businessmen are finding it more and more difficult to start enterprises, and harder still to survive, without becoming mere adjuncts — directly or indirectly — of some giant corporation or bank. Monopoly is again on the march.

Control over the American economy rested in relatively few hands before the war. It was consolidated even more during the war. Since V-J Day the rate of consolidation appears to have accelerated. This trend affects most things Americans wear, use and eat. It raises profound questions about the future of competitive free enter-

prise; it even raises questions concerning the America that will exist ten or twenty-five years from now.

Most Americans will agree that one of the things which have made the United States the greatest industrial nation in the world has been its competitive economic system — a system under which any man with ability, initiative and imagination has been able to establish a business which, so long as it met the requirements of its customers, could grow and prosper. Most Americans believe, as Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney of Wyoming has said, that "the political structure is the outgrowth of the economic structure and one cannot be separated from the other" — that freedom of economic opportunity is a cornerstone of political and intellec-

VANCE JOHNSON is a member of the Washington bureau of the Chicago Sun. He has written on economic subjects for the MERCURY and other publications.

tual freedom. Most of them fear that when "free enterprise" ceases to exist, so also will all other freedoms enjoyed by the individual.

II

It is an uncomfortable fact that for the last fifty years we have been moving toward an economic system dominated, if not actually controlled, by a handful of interlaced giant corporations. Economic studies made during the last twenty-five years reveal a more or less steady increase in the concentration of economic power in the hands of the giants of American business. For example:

Corporations earning \$5,000,000 or more a year in net income — and this includes only the giants — earned 34.2 per cent of the total net income of manufacturing corporations in 1918; they earned 46.1 per cent of the total in 1929 and 50.7 per cent in 1942. The earnings of the smallest manufacturing corporations — those taking in less than \$250,000 net annually — dropped from 23.4 per cent of the total in 1918 to 19.1 per cent in 1929, and to 11.6 per cent in 1942.

The proportion of wage earners employed in large plants has increased. In the metal products industry, for instance, plants employing a thousand or more workers accounted for 21.3 per cent of the total in the industry in 1909; in 1929 they employed 35 per cent of the total and in 1945, 64.3 per cent.

At the turn of the century, the four

largest producers of iron and steel owned more than 60 per cent of the total United States capacity. This was reduced to 55 per cent at the end of World War I, but by 1938 the percentage had risen to 64 per cent.

• As a result of Theodore Roosevelt's "trust busting" campaigns, the control of the four largest copper producers had been reduced from 76 per cent of the output in 1890 to 39 per cent in 1920, but by 1938 the four largest producers had captured control of 82 per cent of the nation's total.

The Bureau of Internal Revenue has estimated that 5 per cent of all non-banking corporations accounted for 78.93 per cent of all net income earned by such corporations in 1918. In 1929 the figure for the top 5 per cent was 85.24; this dropped to 81.53 per cent in 1935 but rose again to 84.46 per cent in 1942.

The National Resources Committee, which made an exhaustive study of many elements of the national economy during the thirties, estimated that in 1909 the two hundred largest non-banking corporations owned about one-third of all corporation assets in the United States. By 1928 they owned 48 per cent of the total and by the early thirties the proportion increased to 55 per cent. Comparable figures for later years have not been compiled, but a continuing upward trend is suggested by a table compiled by Berle and Means for their book, *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, showing the two hundred largest non-financial corpo-

rations earned 33 per cent of the total net income of such corporations in 1920; in 1939 the same number of corporations earned 43 per cent of the total.

The cumulative effect of these concentrations is indicated by the fact that in 1939 one-tenth of one per cent of all firms in the country — 4900 out of a total of 3,316,700 — employed 40 per cent of all non-agricultural workers. In the same year, twenty of the country's 15,000 banks held 27 per cent of all bank loans and investments. In 1938, according to a statement by President Roosevelt, one-tenth of one per cent of all the corporations in the country owned 52 per cent of the country's total corporate assets.

That was our position when Germany invaded Poland. The following year the United States set out to become the "arsenal of democracy." The Allies and the War and Navy Departments turned at once to the largest corporations, for these had the most plant facilities, the most readily-available manpower and the greatest capacity for rapid expansion. After Pearl Harbor, our economy was given over to all-out war production, and the heaviest load was laid on big business.

Between June 1940 and September 1944, various agencies of the Federal government awarded prime contracts totaling \$175 billion. More than half of this vast outlay went to thirty-three corporations, each of which received contracts amounting to \$1 billion. The top corporations — in-

cluding General Motors, Curtiss-Wright, Ford, Consolidated Vultee, Douglas Aircraft, Bethlehem Steel, Chrysler, General Electric and Lockheed Aircraft — accounted for almost a third of the total.

To lessen the risks involved in the great expansion of productive facilities required, the government spent \$11.6 billion building plants and facilities which were let out to private concerns. Most of these contracts went to industrial giants. Twenty-five corporations, including such peacetime leaders as Ford, General Motors, United States Steel, Aluminum Company of America, General Electric, Dow Chemical Company and Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, operated 49.3 per cent of the total facilities. The hundred largest corporations operated 75 per cent; 168 companies operated 83.4 per cent of the total.

Never before had the nation's productive capacity been concentrated in so few hands. It is of course maintained that stock ownership is widely distributed among millions of Americans and that in reality the American people control most of American big business. Actually, however, control is in the hands of management.

III

The possible lasting effects of our wartime procurement policy began to concern many people inside and outside the government long before the war came to an end. Congress established the Smaller War Plants Corpo-

ration and gave it half a billion dollars and broad powers to help small business get a slice of the war production job. Both the Senate and the House of Representatives established small business committees. A comprehensive report prepared by three economists of the Smaller War Plants Corporation for the Senate Small Business Committee noted that even if we returned to the conditions which existed before the war it "would mean a return to an economy which already had become highly concentrated":

Some insight into this question might be gained by examining what happened after the last war. . . . The available information . . . strongly suggests that in post-war years the importance of the big plants declines somewhat from the wartime heights, but does not fall all the way back to the prewar levels.

There are three important indices by which to measure the potential strength of big business in comparison to that of small business:

1. production capacity available to the largest corporations;
2. their financial resources;
3. the increased technological and scientific knowledge gained by them during the war.

American productive capacity as a whole, of course, increased vastly during the war. The greatest expansion, proportionately, was controlled by big business. Wartime contractors were given first option on the purchase of plants they had operated for the government, most of which, according to a War Production

Board estimate, manufactured the same product which the operator dealt in before the war. In 1939 the 250 largest manufacturing corporations owned 65.4 per cent of the total American manufacturing capacity. At the end of the war, in 1945, they held 66.5 per cent of the total capacity. This included, of course, their own privately-financed plants plus the facilities built by the government and operated by them during the war. But the important point in measuring the potential strength of these giants is this: if these companies buy all of the war plants they operated (thus retaining 66.5 per cent of the nation's total capacity), the largest 250 concerns together would hold as much productive capacity as all of the country's 75,000 manufacturing corporations held in 1939.

The war plants include the most up-to-date and best equipped factories in the country. Will small companies, which have not been able to modernize on a comparable scale, be able to compete for a fair share of the national market in the face of the greater efficiency and the vast productive resources of the big corporations? The danger is that small business — and thus competition — will be smothered.

Turning to financial comparisons, we find that the cash resources of the biggest companies reached astronomical proportions during the war. It is estimated that 63 manufacturing corporations alone held more net working capital at the end of 1945 than *all*

listed manufacturing corporations held in 1939. The report cited above estimated that these 63 held at least \$10 billion in "highly liquid" capital:

With this 10 billion dollars, these 63 giants could increase their power in a multitude of ways. They could launch sales and advertising campaigns on a scale never before contemplated. They could expand forward by obtaining sales outlets, backward by obtaining sources of materials, and horizontally by entering into the production of a wide variety of auxiliary or different products. With this capital they could purchase all of the usable government-owned facilities at their option price, or *they could purchase the assets of 71,700 smaller manufacturing corporations . . . or 94 per cent of all manufacturing corporations in the United States.*

Added to this enormous reserve and to the vastly expanded plant capacity of big business is new scientific knowledge gained during the war.

War demanded scientific research and development on a scale never before contemplated. Because laboratories maintained by the government and the nation's educational institutions could not begin to do the job, government turned to big business. Before the war, two-thirds of the research workers in American industry were employed by 140 companies; the remaining third were employed by 1582 concerns. During the war, the government spent \$350 million for research in private industrial laboratories; two-thirds of this sum went to 68 corporations. Ten corporations received two-fifths of the total.

As in the case of other war plants,

these contractors received first option to buy the expanded research facilities built with public money. Moreover, more than 90 per cent of the contracts gave ownership of new patents developed in these laboratories to the contracting firms. There can be no doubt that many of these will prove enormously important for peacetime industrial use. A committee of the Federation of Architects, Chemists and Technicians made a survey of 1471 wartime technological developments and reported in October 1945 that 77 per cent "clearly can be used in the postwar period." Because of the patent controls vested in big business, it is unlikely that small business will have much opportunity to benefit directly from these developments.

IV

So much for the high rate of concentration reached during the war. What has been happening since V-J Day? Is big business retaining its hold on its vastly enlarged productive capacity? Is it using its huge economic resources to entrench its position?

The answer at this point seems to be yes. As of June 30, 1946, the War Assets Administration reported the sale of 376 war plants and the leasing of 112. Of these, 91 had been purchased and 44 had been leased by 65 large corporations — all of them ranking among the 250 largest manufacturing concerns in the country. This amounted to only 24.2 per cent of the total sales and 39.3 per cent of all the

leases; smaller business had acquired the overwhelming *number* of war plants. But in terms of original cost — which is the best measure of the productive capacity of the plants — the 65 corporations had received 71 per cent of the total disposed of by the government in the first ten months of peace.

Fifty-three plants were purchased or leased by the top eight corporations — United States Steel, Reynolds Metals Co., the Henry J. Kaiser interests, International Harvester Co., Allied Chemical and Dye Corp., General Electric, General Motors and Bethlehem Steel. Together they purchased or leased plants which originally cost \$794.2 million — almost half as much as the cost of all 488 plants sold or leased.

The biggest buyer in terms of investment and capacity was United States Steel, which has bought four plants, including the \$200 million Geneva steel plant at Provost, Utah. General Electric bought twelve plants, International Harvester five, General Motors four, and Bethlehem six.

Small business was not interested in these plants, of course. They were too big and cost too much. But small business was interested in the vast stockpile of plant equipment and machine tools built up during the war. Its greatest hope of getting a fair slice of the pent-up demand for consumer goods was to retool quickly and acquire materials. Thus far, big business has acquired the cream of the equipment manufactured during the war.

As in the case of war plants, contractors were also given first option to buy the machines they had operated during the war. For the first nine months after V-J Day — the early critical months of the reconversion period — the big contractors were not only given an opportunity to buy all of the equipment in the plants they had operated, but they were also allowed to choose, to skim the cream.

The War Assets Administration changed its regulations in June 1946, with the avowed purpose of giving small business greater opportunity to acquire machines. But the new regulations were not followed up with detailed instructions to the field offices until weeks later, and the result was that little change actually took place at the point of sale. The new regulations probably came too late, in any event, after much plant equipment badly needed by small manufacturers had already been bought by big war-time operators.

During the first five months after V-J Day, total sales of equipment in contractors' plants amounted to more than \$82 million. Of this only \$16.2 million, or 20 per cent, went to buyers other than prime or sub-contractors. General Motors purchased \$7.6 million worth of equipment, Linde Air Products Corporation bought \$7 million, Singer Manufacturing Company, Chrysler and the Mack Manufacturing Corporation each bought more than a million dollars' worth. General Electric, Nash-Kelvinator, Westinghouse, Eastman Kodak, International

Harvester, John Deere, Timken-Detroit Axle Company and the National Cash Register Company each acquired more than half a million dollars' worth.

The general complaint of small factory owners and machine tool dealers was that they could not locate the kind of equipment they needed. Production centers were rife with rumors that "inside information" was necessary to locate critical equipment and that "pull" was indispensable in buying it even after it was located. It is not surprising that a growing number of small businessmen, faced with such difficulties, welcomed an opportunity to sell out.

V

Economists agree that one of the most reliable indices of increasing concentration of economic power is fluctuation in the merger movement. Big business's absorption of other firms is a reflection of the expansive temperament of the business community. A sharp increase in mergers occurred at the end of World War I. In the manufacturing and mining industries alone, the number of reported mergers jumped from 411 in 1919 to 749 in 1921. This movement was cut short by the postwar depression; it was resumed in 1925 and continued at a rising rate until the stock market crash of 1929. So widespread did mergers and consolidations become that the last half of the twenties became known as the "era of consolida-

tions." It was the time when the great grocery chains appeared and when vast public utility empires were being built.

There was a short, sharp upturn in mergers in 1931. After that, the movement slowed down until the beginning of World War II. In the last five years more than a thousand mergers and acquisitions have been reported in manufacturing and mining alone. (Manufacturing and mining are used here as an index because comparable figures are available for all of the years from 1919 to 1945, and they are generally regarded as an indication of the over-all trend.) A new 15-year peak in mergers was established in the last quarter of 1945, when mergers in manufacturing and mining totaled 320, the highest number since 1931. This hardly compares with the peak of approximately 1200 mergers reported in these industries in 1929, but the sharp upward trend closely parallels the movements in the twenties. Preliminary studies by the Department of Commerce indicate that the rate is still rising: mergers reported during the first half of 1946 indicate a total for this year of more than 450.

In contrast to the merger movement of the late twenties, when large producers of the same item were linked together, most of the recent acquisitions have been of the so-called "conglomerate type." Large companies with established trademarks and distributing organizations have been buying up smaller firms engaged in making auxiliary or unrelated prod-

ucts, in order to "round out" their operations. Some of these have been smaller competitors; others have been sub-contractors or suppliers of parts formerly purchased by the big companies. During the latter part of the war (before the repeal of the excess profits tax) many mergers were aimed at acquiring more profitable tax bases for promising "war baby" enterprises; others were consummated to eliminate middlemen and thus increase the profits which were possible under price controls; still others were intended as indirect obstacles to new competitive enterprises. All of them, in some degree, lessened competition.

The merger movement touches practically every phase of our economy. The Safeway Stores, for instance, have bought up three other grocery chains and acquired part interest in a fourth: they have purchased one dessert company, one biscuit company and one cheese factory. The Kroger Grocery and Baking Company has acquired one smaller chain and a bakery. General Foods, the biggest of the specialty foods companies, has bought a poultry-dressing plant, a flavor manufacturing company, a processor of citrus-fruit beverages, a dog-food company, a packing company which operated fourteen vegetable canneries, a quick-freeze company and a breakfast cereals company. Standard Brands has bought up a margarine company, a vegetable packing company and a cheese company.

Mergers have been taking place at a wholesale rate in drug manufactur-

ing, which was already highly concentrated before the war. Five companies in one corporate group bought up 52 smaller companies between 1940 and 1945. One of these companies, American Home Products Corporation, acquired 31.

Many mergers have occurred in the hitherto highly competitive textile field. It is estimated that nearly a fifth of the country's cotton spindles have changed ownership during the last two and a half years, and the trend is continuing. Commission merchants and converters (concerns which dye or print cloth) have been buying up mills to assure sources of supply. Many of the larger mills are buying out smaller mills.

The iron and steel and machinery industries were even more active in the merger field during the war than they were during the twenties. The eight largest steel corporations bought out 35 smaller companies — Bethlehem, Jones and Laughlin, American Rolling Mill and United States Steel acquiring five to eight companies each. Continental Can bought up eight. Since the war the merger trend has continued, with the big companies going heavily into at least one new field, the manufacture of steel drums. Before the war only two of the large companies were in the steel drum business, an industry then dominated overwhelmingly by small concerns. By midsummer of 1946 it was estimated by authoritative trade journals that the giants had come into control of 90 per cent of the country's steel

drum manufacturing capacity. Similarly, large distillers, who were busy consolidating liquor-making concerns and buying up wineries during the war, have recently gone into the market for the tight-cooperage plants producing oaken barrels in which whiskies are aged. This too was a small business field before the war.

VI

Some shifts away from monopoly occurred during the war — most particularly in aluminum. But according to the report prepared for the Senate Small Business Committee, these shifts are not always as significant as they first appear. Although the Reynolds Metals Company and Henry J. Kaiser have become important elements in aluminum, the report points out that the Aluminum Corporation of America “owns practically all of the high-grade domestic bauxite [aluminum ore], and because of its private fleet of ships, can bring in foreign ores at a lower net cost than any of its competitors. . . . Moreover, independents will face competition not only from Alcoa, but also from its Canadian affiliate, Alted, which not only is now the largest producer in the world, but also has the lowest production costs. . . .” Alcoa alone holds capacity sufficient to produce nearly three times the 1939 output of aluminum.

How does it add up? Fields for new enterprise are obviously becoming narrower, and the small manufacturer

without an affiliation with a large manufacturing concern or a big distributor finds it more and more difficult to market his products.

This accounts for the special plans discussed in Congress to help small business. It accounts for the Department of Commerce’s eagerness to establish a “county agent” system for business; for a drastic “anti-monopoly” bill proposed by Senator Wayne L. Morse of Oregon and some ten other Republicans and Democrats in the Senate; and for the increased activity of the anti-trust division of the Department of Justice.

Unfortunately, at this writing, there has been far more talk than action on behalf of small business. There has even been some backtracking on plans already initiated. The Smaller War Plants Corporation was dissolved early this year, at the most crucial point of the reconversion period, and its activities divided between the Commerce Department and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. The government has no broad, affirmative policy for attacking the problem.

Dangers are inherent, of course, in any program of government action, but there also are dangers — perhaps greater ones — in letting things stand as they are now. Unless independent concerns can come into being, unless they can enter the market, gain access to new technology and can produce without fear of monopoly retaliation, how can “free enterprise” as we know it even now be preserved?

REPARATIONS AND WORLD WAR III

By EDWIN W. PAULEY

THE American people had better realize that World War III may not be far off if the Allies drift into a repetition of the blunder which enabled Germany to rebuild her military strength after her defeat in World War I. That blunder cost us the holocaust of World War II. Nobody will ever be able to compute the total loss in lives and property.

The question now is whether mankind, and particularly that portion of it directly affected by German militarism, has learned the lesson. We should not have to wait long to find out: the answer will be indicated in the decisions of the Council of Foreign Ministers on the terms of the German peace treaty. The wrong answer — any decision that permits Germany to maintain her huge industrial war potential and sooner or later to place her might on the auction block of power politics — may mean World War III in our time.

At the Paris Peace Conference and at meetings of the Foreign Ministers of the Big Four held during the past year, political and economic disagreements evoked sharp clashes between

the spokesmen for the so-called Western nations and the pro-Soviet bloc. Sensational headlines were made by these clashes, but competent observers pointed out at the time that these really constituted preliminary jockeying for strategic position at the forthcoming German treaty negotiations. The negotiations on the German treaty will involve serious political matters, but it is more than probable that economic problems will overshadow them, and high on the list of economic problems is the matter of reparations.

This was plainly indicated by Soviet spokesmen at the Paris Conference. Deputy Foreign Minister Vishinsky asserted before the Italian Economic Commission that Russia "considers reparations as a cornerstone of the peace treaties." Substance was given to his words by the decision of the Conference to exact \$1,350 million in reparations from five former satellites of Germany. Of this total Russia claimed, and was awarded, \$800 million. Foreign Minister Molotov declared that Soviet Russia would insist upon \$10 billion in reparations from

EDWIN W. PAULEY is the United States representative on the Allied Reparations Commission. He was a member of President Truman's delegation at the Potsdam Conference.

Germany, and added that these reparations must include not only industrial equipment but also commodities out of Germany's current production.

Molotov's statement foreshadowed what may be one of the major conflicts at the German treaty parley. His definition of the Kremlin's policy on German reparations represented a wide departure from the spirit — if not, in effect, repudiation of the terms — of the Berlin Protocol adopted in August 1945, by Soviet Russia, Britain and the United States.

The Protocol was based on an agreement negotiated at Moscow in the summer of 1945 by representatives of the three powers meeting as the Allied Commission on Reparations. The American position at Moscow — and at the subsequent Potsdam meeting of President Truman, Prime Minister Churchill (later Attlee) and Marshal Stalin which produced the Berlin Protocol — was simply this: that the Allies disarm Germany and make it impossible for her to arm again by taking reparations from her in the form of capital industrial goods, which were to be distributed among the nations victimized by Nazi aggression. Russia and Britain accepted our position, and it was incorporated in the Protocol.

There was no intent on the part of the United States, Britain and Russia to reduce Germany to economic beggary. The Berlin Protocol merely provides for the removal from Germany of her enormous industrial war potential — the factories, mills, power

plants and chemical industries from which she got not only her tools of war but a vast economic strength with which she first weakened the nations upon whom she intended to prey.

II

An idea of the economic domination Germany had attained before the war in certain industries important for aggression may be gained from a few figures showing the position of her production in Continental Europe, excluding Russia and the Baltic States. With only 9 per cent of the total area, 20 per cent of the population and 9 per cent of the iron ore, Germany produced 48 per cent of the pig iron, 48 per cent of the steel, 54 per cent of the light metals, 50 per cent of the automobiles and trucks, 64 per cent of the machinery, 35 per cent of the electric power, 35 per cent of the sulphuric acids and 54 per cent of the nitrogenous fertilizers.

These figures, illuminating as they are, do not tell the entire story of German domination. By cartel arrangements, export quotas and subsidies she threatened smaller nations with economic death. Through the same devices she prevented her future war victims from obtaining materials essential to their national defense.

Small nations were not the only ones affected. When the war began, Britain was dependent on the German chemical industry. In the United

States the nitrogen fixation industry, essential to the manufacture of fertilizer and explosives, was puny because subsidized German interests were able, despite our tariff, to undersell us in our own country on this item.

To eliminate Germany's deadly industrial war potential the Berlin Protocol provided that reparations be taken from her industrial capital equipment with the aim of removing all equipment in excess of that needed for a peacetime economy. No monetary figure is mentioned in the Protocol in connection with reparations:

The determination of the amount and character of the industrial capital equipment unnecessary for the German peace economy and therefore available for reparations shall be made by the Control Council under policies fixed by the Allied Commission on Reparations, with the participation of France, subject to the final approval of the zone commander in the zone from which the equipment is to be removed.

In accordance with this provision, the Allied Control Council, comprising the military commanders of the four zones of occupation, established in March 1946 what peacetime level of industry Germany would be permitted. It was estimated that the plan would reduce the German industrial level, as a whole, to about 50 or 55 per cent of the 1938 level, and would be sufficient for a population of 66.5 million persons. It was estimated that the projected level would be reached by 1949.

The plan prohibited the production of arms, ammunition and implements

of war, as well as all types of aircraft and seagoing ships, and provided for eventual elimination of all industrial capital equipment for the production of synthetic gasoline and oil, synthetic rubber, synthetic ammonia, ball and taper roller bearings, heavy machine tools of certain types, heavy tractors, primary aluminum, magnesium, beryllium, radioactive materials, hydrogen peroxide above 50 per cent strength, specific war chemicals and gases, and radio transmitting equipment.

The steel industry, which produced 19,000,000 tons in 1936, was to be limited to 7,500,000, a reduction of 61 per cent. The copper industry was to be reduced 49 per cent of its 1936 capacity (on the basis of consumption); zinc, 60 per cent; lead, 54 per cent; tin, 50 per cent, and nickel, 18.

Production of machine tools was set at 11.4 per cent of the 1938 output; precision instruments and optics, 70 per cent of the 1936 output. Agricultural tractor production was cut from 13,900 (in 1936) to 10,000; private cars, from 245,000 to 40,000; commercial vehicles, from 59,000 to 40,000. The production of basic chemicals was reduced to 40 per cent of the 1936 figure, and electric power to 60 per cent of the 1936 output.

This projected level of industry was set on the assumption that Germany would be treated as a single economic unit, as was specifically stated in the Protocol. For administrative purposes collection of reparations was to be made on a zonal basis. Soviet Russia

was to obtain her share of reparations from her zone, as well as from certain German external assets.

In addition, the Soviets were to receive outright 10 per cent of the industrial equipment removed from the western zones administered by Britain, France and the United States, and another 15 per cent from the western zones was to go to Russia in exchange for an equivalent value in food, coal, potash, timber and other commodities from the USSR. Poland's claims for reparations were to be met from Russia's share.

The reparations claims of all other countries were to be met with plants and equipment removed from the three western zones. Each claimant's allocation was to be based on its war sacrifices and needs.

The relative wealth of the eastern and western zones is indicated by the following figures: The zone now occupied by Soviet Russia, comprising 47 per cent of the total occupied area, accounted in 1936 for almost one-third of the total national earned income of approximately 65 billion Reichsmarks. The western zones accounted for some 57 per cent, and the city of Berlin, which is jointly occupied by the four powers, accounted for 10 per cent. As for what is known as "value added" by mining or manufacturing goods extracted or processed — this corresponds roughly to net industrial production — the Soviet-occupied zone accounted for slightly more than 30 per cent; the western zones, 60 per cent, and the

city of Berlin, 8 per cent. The total "value added" for all of Germany was slightly more than 34 million Reichsmarks. Of this total, nearly 10.5 billion Reichsmarks were accounted for in the zone now occupied by Russia, and of this figure slightly more than 4.5 billion represented the proceeds of the five most important industries of the zone: textiles, food processing, machinery, mining and utilities.

The following table shows the 1936 "value added" in each of these industries in the Russian-occupied zone in comparison with corresponding figures for the western zones and for all Germany:

<i>Industry</i>	<i>Total for Ger- many</i>	<i>West- ern Zones</i>	<i>East- ern Zone</i>	<i>Rus- sian Zone's % of Total</i>
<i>(In Millions of Reichsmarks)</i>				
Textiles	2,840	1,579	1,217	42.9
Food Pro- cessing	2,962	1,811	919	31
Machinery	2,615	1,514	795	30.4
Mining	2,235	1,568	666	29.8
Utilities	1,972	1,101	610	31

III

As I have pointed out, the Berlin Protocol provided that Germany during its occupation was to be treated as an economic unit. The necessity of this is shown by the fact that in pre-war Germany the various parts corresponding to present occupation zones depended to a very great extent upon each other and upon foreign

countries for their supplies and markets. Approximately one-third of the more than 500 million tons of goods shipped by rail and water in Germany in 1936 crossed the boundaries of the present zones en route either to other parts of Germany or to foreign countries.

The economic unity provision, which was agreed to by Marshal Stalin as well as by Prime Minister Attlee and President Truman, has not been carried out although it is one of the most important in the Protocol. Until recently, when the British and Americans unified their zones for economic administration, all four zones were operated as tight little islands. None, with the possible exception of the Russian zone, was self-sustaining. In prewar Germany the zone now occupied by Russia was the only section with exportable surpluses of agricultural products and also the only one able to supply its major industries with raw materials from sources within the area.

The French, claiming they are not bound by the terms of the Protocol since they were not a party to the Potsdam meeting, resisted any unification of the country because of their fears of a renascent Germany. Soviet Russia has persistently refused to give any accounting of what she has taken from her zone in the form of capital industrial equipment or commodities from current production, and has isolated her zone to the extent that even the goods that were to have been shipped to the western

zones in exchange for 15 per cent of their industrial removals were withheld. In retaliation for this, Lieutenant General Clay, Deputy Military Governor in the United States zone, announced last May that no further plants would be removed from our zone until assurance had been received from the other occupying forces that Germany would be treated as an economic unit. It might be remarked in passing that very few had been removed before his announcement.

Failure to treat Germany as an economic unit has seriously impeded efforts to put the economic provisions of the Protocol into effect. But a far more serious breach of the spirit, if not the letter, of the Protocol lies in the decision of Soviet Russia, as voiced by Molotov, to collect reparations from current production.

The Protocol provides that "the proceeds from current production shall be available in the first place for payment of imports." In other words, imports needed to sustain the German peacetime economy were to be a first charge against the proceeds of exports from current production. Under her reduced level of industry, it was not envisioned that Germany could produce much more for export than would be required to offset her necessary imports.

This provision was intended to give assurance that the taking of reparations from current production would be limited to a minimum and that Germany would not become a long-time charge on the Allies. Obviously,

if Germany's current production is siphoned off as reparations, Germany will have no means with which to pay for imports necessary to carry on even her meager economy. That means a burden on the American taxpayer, which this year alone will amount to nearly a quarter of a billion dollars — money spent simply to prevent collapse in the United States zone.

But the crucial point, from the standpoint of longtime security, is this: the taking of reparations from current production necessitates the maintenance of the very industry that was to be reduced to prevent another war.

In effect, this is simply a repetition of the terrible mistake the Allies made after World War I. Then, as now, Germany lay in defeat, apparently militarily impotent. The Allies demanded reparations. At first they were willing to take part of the reparations in kind — then, and as now proposed by the Russians, from current production. Later they insisted on cash. To meet these demands Germany borrowed money — mostly from the United States — and with the proceeds built up her industry, ostensibly so that she could produce and sell goods to meet reparations payments. She paid little — and repaid the United States less. But the industry she built up bolstered the Nazi plans of aggression — and eventually came World War II. Instead of baby carriages, she turned out gun carriages; instead of tractors, tanks; instead of camera sights, she made gun

sights, and instead of machines to ease human toil, she turned out engines of war.

I do not mean to say that reparations alone brought on World War II. But surely no one will deny that they were a most important factor.

The magnitude of that mistake was noted by President Roosevelt in his report on the Yalta conference.

By compelling reparations in kind — in plants, and machinery, and rolling stock, and raw materials — we shall avoid the mistake made after the last war of demanding reparations in the form of money which Germany could never pay. . . .

Our objective is simple — it is to secure the peace of the future world. Too much experience has shown that the objective is impossible if Germany is allowed to retain any ability to wage aggressive war.

That is the principle underlying the proposals the Americans brought to Moscow and Potsdam. The Russians and British agreed with our position. They agreed that we take away from Germany all the industrial plants and equipment beyond what Germany needed to maintain living standards not higher than those of the nations she had ravished. They agreed that these plants and equipment be transferred to countries Germany had devastated in order that those countries might be aided in rebuilding their lives, and by thus strengthening their own economies be relieved of possible economic dependence on a Germany of the future. Their agreement is recorded in the Berlin Protocol.

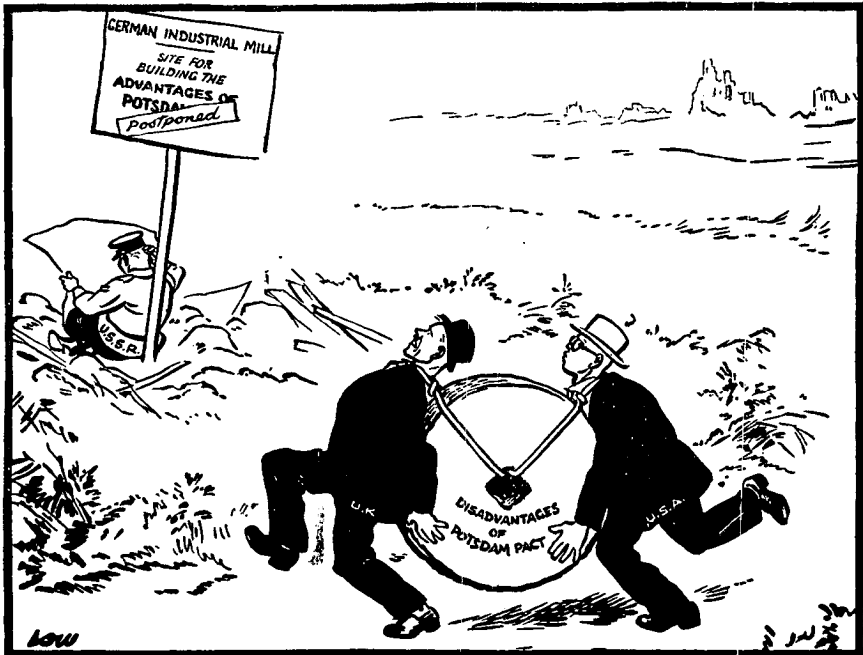
In brief, then, the Protocol rep-

resents the written agreement by Soviet Russia, Britain and the United States that they would strive to avoid a repetition of the error of World War I and its frightful results. It is a product of the brains of the highest placed men of the three nations.

I firmly maintain that the program set forth in the Berlin Protocol is sound. While all four occupying powers must bear some responsibility for the fact that it has not been working satisfactorily, the essential deterrents to its successful operation are the resistance of France and Russia to unification of Germany's economic

administration and Soviet Russia's announced determination to take reparations from current production. If Germany is allowed to retain, or rebuild, her industrial war potential and once more offer her industrial and military strength to the highest bidder, we shall, in my opinion, be on our way to another world war.

This is the problem before the German peace treaty meeting. If the lesson of World War I is tossed away in deciding this problem arising out of World War II, I suspect World War III, fought with atom bombs, will end our lessons — by dismissing class.



Millstone

By permission of the New York Times

MACKENZIE KING OF CANADA

BY BRUCE HUTCHISON

WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE KING, Prime Minister of Canada, has held office longer than any comparable democratic statesman in the world. No one in Canada knows precisely why. It is a question of continual wonderment among his friends, an endless affront to his enemies, and a matter of obvious indifference to foreigners.

If the secret of his unrivaled capacity for survival is not understood at home, the undoubted importance of the man in the world's affairs is equally unknown abroad. He has had no world press, such as that sometimes enjoyed by lesser men of lesser countries, because he totally lacks box office appeal and because he has made a fetish of obscurity. As Roosevelt played his rôle in the guise of the Great Guy, as Churchill made himself John Bull incarnate, so King has deliberately contrived his public act as a masterpiece of mediocrity. Like most such acts it is phony, but it has worked since 1922 with only a single interruption of five years — a rec-

ord of more than nineteen years of office, unparalleled in any Anglo-Saxon country since Robert Walpole. It has worked so smoothly that the world has hardly noticed it.

It is worth noticing. Mr. King, now nearing seventy-two, has had as much to do with the evolution of the British Commonwealth of Nations into its present form as any man in his time or before. He has deeply affected relations between the United States and its most important neighbor to the north. He has often acted as a liaison between Britain and the United States. He has guided Canada, gently but with infinite resource, as it grew into one of the great industrial nations, the third largest trader with the world.

He is a Canadian phenomenon chiefly, a curious sport out of the Canadian breed, a flat contradiction of all of Canada's character and mores, but he is also a very considerable figure in the world, just below the top. Also, under a laborious pretence of simplicity, he is one of the most com-

BRUCE HUTCHISON'S popular work on Canada, *The Unknown Country*, once created a stir in the House of Commons in Ottawa because of a reference in it to Mackenzie King as a "skilled cutter of throats." King himself stated in the course of the discussion that he was prepared to leave his reputation in the author's hands. Mr. Hutchison is also the author of a novel, *The Hollow Men*, and is associate editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press*.

plex and mysterious characters now on the world political stage.

If you go to Ottawa you will seldom see Mr. King except at three o'clock in the afternoon when he trips into the House of Commons in his curious, bouncing step as if he were walking on eggs — a short, stocky figure in an immaculate suit of antique design, showing three inches of starched white shirt cuff; a round, featureless face; a single wisp of hair slicked over a shiny head; and wearing an encompassing air of diffidence. He is the last man in the chamber you would take for the leader of the world's biggest little nation and the last figure for the representative of the brawling frontier of the North American continent.

You will see him in the Commons for perhaps half an hour as he answers the Opposition's questions with a humility almost too good to be true and, in fact, quite untrue; as he listens deferentially to the obscure backbencher; or as he begins to tap the stub of a pencil on his desk, the only sign, but unmistakable, that behind his mask he is boiling with anger. After the House gets down to business he will disappear as quietly as he came, but he will leave it, and the nation, entirely under his control.

If you are important enough, you may see him in his little cubbyhole at the northwest corner of the Parliament Buildings, enjoying a cup of tea in front of his fireplace. (There is another room beyond, equipped with a bed in case he wants to take a nap,

for he is fond of his creature comforts.) But it is more likely that he will be found in the third story of the fine, ugly old mansion on Sandy Hill which his mentor and spiritual father, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, left him. Here, with his defenses briefly down, with a boyish air and a twinkling eye, the real King can be seen.

The furnishings and the whole atmosphere of this attic, which he has made into a cosy study and the real center of Canadian government, reveal a man whose public reputation is a caricature. The study is crammed with bric-a-brac, with autographed portraits of kings, presidents and potentates, all arranged with the neatness of an old maid's bedroom. A portrait of his mother, whom he worships — the only woman in his life — glows under a perpetual light like a shrine. An Irish terrier will probably be lying at its master's feet. Here King emerges as the student and philosopher, the hermit, the man of God who went into politics as a disagreeable public service and now loves every minute of it.

II

Mr. King is, above all, a lonely man with hardly a single intimate friend and wanting none. When that fact was pointed out by Professor E. K. Brown of Chicago University, who had been hired to write speeches for the prime minister and quit in disgust because he couldn't even see the great man, Mr. King considered it

absurd and resented it bitterly. He has come so much to live as a legend of himself, as a myth of his own devising — a myth which makes his colleagues smile but is never questioned — that the truth of his loneliness, which is obvious to others, comes as a surprise and a shock to him. There can hardly be in any country, even in Russia, a statesman who needs friends and human companionship so little. He may and sometimes does yearn for public popularity and wonder why he has never fully achieved it, but this is a political matter. It does not touch his inner self.

This is an utterly self-contained man, a man who believes in his special mission, a very selfish man and a political genius. If his genius is not of the first order, it is, for its own purposes and in its own setting, more than adequate to carry his career.

A strange career it has been. How Mr. King, a man who lacked all the outward qualities of leadership, whom the people of Canada seldom liked, could rule his country for close to twenty years and survive all the storms fatal to his contemporaries, is a fascinating puzzle, endlessly debated in every club and crossroads store in Canada. But the chief explanation is evident enough — Mr. King set out to do precisely what he has done, and never faltered. He might twist and turn, he could alter his principles to suit his needs, but he never for a moment lost sight of his objective: to remain in power and, as he believed

with complete sincerity, to save Canada from his enemies.

From his boyhood he knew what he wanted, he equipped himself for it and, when the time came, he knew how to manage the complex, divided and ever-shifting stuff of Canadian life better than anyone else available. He survived not because Canada particularly wanted him but because there has never been an alternative half as good. Thus by a stubborn process of persuasion he made himself much more than prime minister. He is now at last, and quite above politics, the accepted leader of the Canadian people.

III

His genius of politics, his sure manipulation of men, his calculation of pressures and his ability to balance them in shifting compromise — these do not fully explain Mr. King. Here is no mere fixer but a statesman of first rank, as able as any in the business. Had he been born in a larger country the world would have known this before now.

As a statesman he built his career not simply on his own capacities, or on his political machine, but on solid issues which he picked out at the start. It is these issues which will make him important in Canadian history when all his election triumphs, his cunning in cabinet and his management of men are forgotten. Most of these issues concern Canada alone. Some of them concern only the Brit-

ish Commonwealth; others have had an effect on the world as a whole.

If Mr. King were to reckon up the credits and debits of his career, undoubtedly he would rank as his greatest achievement his mastery of the basic problem of Canada, the deep division of its races between the Anglo-Saxons and the French. This is too large a story to be told here; but it can be said that, better than any modern Canadian, he was able to bridge the racial gulf and carry the nation through a great war without the fatal breach which nearly everyone else considered inevitable.

Canada's race problem has not been solved; and it cannot be solved without many more generations of experience; but Mr. King did see and contribute largely to the solution of the second great problem which he had marked out for himself at the beginning. Under him the work of a hundred years, the independence of Canada — and hence of other overseas dominions — within the British Commonwealth was finally established and written into law.

Other Canadians laid the foundations of the present decentralized and loosely-united Commonwealth — essentially a Canadian creation — but Mr. King protected its natural evolution against heavy odds, against the concerted power of the British Government after the first World War (Churchill included) and against the surviving imperialists of Canada. That was his first test. When in 1923 the unknown newcomer defied the

counsels of the British Empire and forced his will upon them it was clear that Canada, to its own surprise, had found a leader.

His next issue, one which had its beginnings with Canada's first settlements and which will go on as long as the nation lasts, is the relationship between it and its great neighbor. Mr. King has mastered this issue better than any predecessor. Under him the two countries have been closer in peace and war than ever before. His signature is written on the Ogdensburg Agreement by which they are jointly defended — this was the United States' first military alliance with a British country, and thus proof that Canada is actually the hinge between America and the British Commonwealth. He was joint author of the Hyde Park Agreement which integrated the Canadian and American economies in the recent war. He was the friend of Roosevelt, who alone called him "Mackenzie," while Churchill only called him "Dear Friend."

On the problem of tariffs, another fundamental Canadian issue which directly concerns the United States, Mr. King made some progress as a theoretical Liberal free trader and would have made more but for the war and Messrs Smoot and Hawley. But his recent discriminatory wheat deal with Great Britain has appalled the oldtime Liberals, who regard it as a breach of his lifelong faith. Apart from that slip, which may perhaps be repaired, his record as an advocate of

trade freedom is as good as any political leader's and his advocacy has been sincere. The wheat deal, which seems to contradict this statement, was put over on him by a minister of agriculture who was playing for farmers' votes. Mr. King will live to regret it if he hasn't regretted it already.

IV

Social reform has been a continuing issue with Mr. King, often neglected but never forgotten. A rebel he calls himself — he takes an engaging pride in his grandfather who led the Canadian rebellion against young Queen Victoria in 1837 — a very gentle rebel now, a friend of the Royal Family, a kind of overseas uncle of Victoria's great-grandson — but still a rebel against the evils of society.

For his work of social reform he had complete technical equipment as an economist of Harvard, a social worker in Hull House and Toynbee Hall, an industrial investigator for the Rockefeller Foundation and a labor expert for the Canadian government. As a young man the problem of the poor was the passion of his life. *Industry and Humanity*, the title of his most notable book, spoke this passion in the urgent tones of youth and relative personal poverty.

The poverty was not as serious as Mr. King likes to think now and some of the old passion for the poor has died with age and comfort. Still, Mr. King recollects it with a sharp nostalgia

which once drew him to his feet in Parliament to shout, as evidence of his sympathy with the forgotten men, that his mother had lived on a crust of bread with her rebel father. Mr. King never lived on a crust and he is particularly fussy about his meals, but his vision of himself as primarily an enemy of caste and privilege has returned vividly in his old age.

He is riding to the end of his road now on this last great issue which was the issue of his apprenticeship. He has turned not suddenly but cautiously to the Left. He has carried the government into fields of enterprise which would have appalled the Liberal party of Manchester tradition even five years ago. But in Mr. King's Gladstone bag there has always been space for many different doctrines which can always be excused as free liberalism when they cannot be fitted together. Thus, as the head of a party which historically stands for a minimum of state intervention, he has deliberately sought to absorb the new forces of socialism in Canada. It is obvious that he looks forward to a socialistic era everywhere. The man who criticized Roosevelt's New Deal has largely followed it, with a typical time-lag of ten years.

In this issue, as in most, he seeks the middle way but his compromise has diverted the whole course of Canadian history toward increasing statism and into many social reforms like his famous baby bonuses (an odd legislative gift from a bachelor). Or perhaps it would be truer to say he has simply

moved with the times and the public demand as he had to, and taken credit for leading them.

His last days of office find him grappling with something much bigger than he had ever anticipated, with a world of quarreling great powers between which Canada could be ground by the millstones of the United States and Russia, who meet on Canada's Arctic shores. This may well turn out to be the supreme problem of Canadian politics for a generation anyway.

Meanwhile this reformed isolationist, who helped effectively to destroy the League of Nations, who talked to Hitler and thought him a crude and harmless peasant, who once forgot his rule of moderation long enough to say that it was sheer madness for Canada to rescue Europe from its wars, has turned into one of the most radical internationalists among current statesmen. He is the only one of note to have advocated a world government now.

V

Great as are the key issues which Mr. King has taken at the flood and ridden on to fortune, and deeply as he has understood them, he could not have ridden without considered method, without an artist's skill in the art of using power. His method is the most baffling part of him. No one, probably not even he, understands it fully.

The basis of his method, however, is clear. It is to accept, perhaps more

than any political leader in the Commonwealth, the operation and all the confusions of actual democracy. He operates the democratic machinery by a technique of searching out the public mind, calculating the pressures and then following those he considers irresistible. With him the duty of a prime minister in a diverse country like Canada is not so much to invent policy as to accept it as it grows out of the public will, and then to voice it, organize it and carry it through as his own.

Even within his cabinet this method prevails. He lets his cabinets argue and quarrel, he sometimes encourages them to quarrel while he waits until they have sweated out a compromise, or until he knows — though he never takes even an informal vote — what compromise they will accept. Then he proclaims it as the sacred and unalterable principle of his life. It can be changed, without notice, into another principle, equally sacred. But all these deviations are part of a higher principle, the unity of the country, the will of the majority.

Although it is accepted that his method is to attune himself to the subconscious mind of the country and utter its inner yearnings at the right moment, the early legend that he is a weak man has been thoroughly exploded. He has turned out to be the toughest man in Ottawa. He has come fresh, healthful and invigorated through a war which gutted his younger colleagues. He has often been daring to the point of foolhardiness

but the public never suspected it because he carried out his wildest enterprises so quietly.

In this process he has made himself, in everything but big decisions, a genial autocrat in his government and party, even if he uses his power to enforce the democratic process.

Mr. King's method requires a party organization of extreme complexity. He believes in parties as the great invention of the British parliamentary system and he guides his party as carefully with his left hand as he manages the government with his right. From city ward to Parliament he keeps his fingers on the spiderweb of organization. Under him the party has become, as John W. Dafoe has said, a nation within a nation, enforcing its own laws, punishments and rewards.

All these techniques, however, do not fully explain his method. It is above techniques, a vague and dream-like process of the mind. He maintains a fantastic private correspondence with obscure people throughout the country but his understanding of the Canadian psyche comes mostly out of blind intuition. The widespread notion among Canadians that he is merely a shrewd politician, a calculator of election returns, is true up to a point; but beyond it King operates by osmosis, absorbing impressions and reaching decisions in his hermitage without a rational reason, and then spending days preparing arguments to support them.

This largely explains his long and tortured speeches, which are often

cunningly worded to mean one thing or the opposite — depending on his choice of interpretations later. When he speaks extemporaneously, which is seldom, this prosy lecturer can take fire and rise to oratory — something he is likely to regret afterwards.

His method as a rule excludes oratory as too dangerous. It destroys his pose as a very ordinary man and hence a very safe man. When the war began he hired L. W. Brockington, Canada's golden radio voice and master of the purple passage, to write speeches for him. Brockington supplied phrases that rivaled Churchill's but when Mr. King had finished editing them to conform with his set style, they came forth as cold porridge.

It is hard for anyone else to work by Mr. King's method. His secretaries are run ragged between his office and his study. Being a bachelor, he has no notion of fixed hours or family responsibilities. His ministers seldom see him except at the council table, none of them really knows him, no one calls him anything but "Mr. King" and some of them detest him, as he well knows. But few of them ever cross him. For his method includes a technique of slow or quick execution as the case requires. A gallant defense minister and idol of the nation, Colonel J. L. Ralston, was fired like an office boy in the presence of the whole cabinet during the conscription crisis of the war.

The method also includes reckless gambling when it is unavoidable. Mr.

King gambled on a dull and tenuous constitutional issue in 1926 when all his friends told him it wouldn't win a vote and he swept the country with a discredited government. He called Parliament together from the ends of the country in 1940, went through all the solemn ceremonies of the official opening, even introduced new members to the Speaker and wished them happiness in their new jobs and then, without a word, dissolved the House before dinner and called an election, which he won handily.

The former pacifist, the compromiser and wriggler, has more sheer courage and animal vitality than all his colleagues put together. But he tries hard not to let the public suspect it.

Such a man may appear cynical but Mr. King is in fact almost a mystic — at least, part of him is — who somehow found himself in politics. He believes devoutly in the Christian religion, in a personal God, and the immortality of the human soul. Every Sunday he goes to church and sings hymns with the other ordinary citizens of Ottawa. It is commonly supposed that he trusts signs and divinations and certainly he accepts his own destiny as a servant of Providence. Whatever personal unpleasantnesses he has had to commit, whatever men he has had to destroy, these were unavoidable means to a greater end. They never bother his conscience. About his sincerity, about his desire for a better society, his love of Canada and the scrupulous purity of his own

life there can be no doubt whatever. But sometimes his colleagues say he got his religion more from the Old Testament than the New.

Of these things no one will ever know the full truth. His inner life is shared with no one; probably not even with the diary which he writes without fail before retiring every night, with an eye to his vindication in history.

This career, impressive for its accomplishment and sheer bulk, this strange process which made a pedestrian and unpopular man into a great reformer in peace and magnificent leader in war, is now nearing its end. Mr. King says he will never run for office again but his going would leave such a void, not only in the politics but in the whole life of the country, that his party has been unable so far to face it. Canada without King has become, after all this time, almost unimaginable. That is the final measure of his success and, as he thinks back to his days of struggle, it must make him smile.

On the whole he is content with the record. He is one of the immortals of his nation's history. He has traveled by a circuitous route, by many by-paths and with much backtracking, but he has ended where he planned to at the beginning. He has accomplished his one great purpose, he has helped Canada become the most successful and richest small nation in history, and he has made the Canadian people accept him on his own terms — and at the last even to like him.

HOW TERROR RULES YUGOSLAVIA

By BOGDAN RADITSA

ON MY return to the United States after living for almost a year in Tito's Yugoslavia, what impressed me most was the failure of Americans to understand the dynamics of life under the Communists. The nature and extent of the terror in that country are only dimly comprehended. Even for new government officials in Yugoslavia—I was one myself—it was difficult to see at first how completely Tito governed by a system of organized fear.

To understand what is going on in Yugoslavia one must appreciate the full impact of Communist rule at every level of national life. There is no escape: the government is everywhere, and takes great pains to ensure that no citizen remains unaffected.

Let me describe the anatomy of organized fear in one city I know: Zagreb, capital of the so-called People's Republic of Croatia. Zagreb is an old medieval city which developed in the spirit of the Western feudal and Roman Catholic tradition; its people have always been proud of their autonomous rights and privileges.

Like other Yugoslav cities, Zagreb is ruled by a local unit, the *Odbor*, of the National Front; this corresponds to the Russian Soviet. The city itself is divided into several districts, each called a *rejon*. Each *rejon* is further divided into street units, each of which has its own Street Committee (*Ulicni Odbor*), as is also the case in the Soviet Union. Finally, each street unit is split into small sections, so that on this lowest level every person can be intimately acquainted with the affairs of every other.

The head of the Street Committee is a member of the Communist Party, referred to in Yugoslavia simply as "The Party," and is usually selected from among the most fanatical members.

These street bosses are the representatives of the government in their districts, and in their limited field of operations they enjoy unlimited sovereignty. There is no appeal from their decisions. Through the Street Committees they issue all ration cards—for food, coal and everything else necessary for life.

BOGDAN RADITSA, a wartime official of the Yugoslav Government-in-Exile, left the United States in 1944 to join the new régime. After serving as chief of the Foreign Press Department in the Ministry of Information, he returned here in March 1946.

II

The personnel of every Street Committee includes a so-called public prosecutor. He too is always a man thoroughly trusted by the Party. His functions have nothing in common with ordinary judicial processes, his principal duty being to issue the indispensable *karakteristika* — a paper describing the holder's political convictions and behavior. Without a favorable *karakteristika* no one can get a job.

Before issuing a *karakteristika* the public prosecutor solicits testimony concerning the applicant from Party members who know him, as well as from the superintendent of his apartment building.

The superintendent is a man of great importance in the new Yugoslavia, a man with whom it is essential to remain on good terms. Each night, at a designated hour, he locks the entrance to his building. No tenant is permitted to have keys to the main door, and to get in after the closing hour one must ring. The superintendent admits no one without questioning him about his activities that evening, and the answers are systematically reported to the public prosecutor.

The building superintendent is responsible for informing the citizens of all political sessions and meetings of the Street Committee, telling them when to put flags and banners on their windows, and keeping a close check on their visitors. Anything out of the ordinary he reports to the public prosecutor.

The Street Committees hold weekly meetings for all citizens in their jurisdictions. Attendance at these meetings is supposed to be optional, but the consequences of non-attendance are usually felt at the next distribution of ration tickets. The meeting is generally opened by a Party official who delivers a speech on the spirit of Stalin and Lenin, the glorious Red Army, the intrigues of Anglo-American capitalism, the menace of domestic reaction and fascism, etc. Afterwards there is discussion. Everyone is encouraged to speak on the attitude of his neighbors, to comment on their mood, their enthusiasm, and especially on their activities. One of the most damning accusations that can be made is that of "insufficient activity." This means that the citizen in question does not take an active rôle in the New Life, that he is a reactionary, perhaps even a sympathizer with the Western democracies, an *Anglophile* — the highest crime. These meetings induce in the non-Party citizens a state of perpetual, nerve-wracking insecurity.

I once attended one of these gatherings at which a Party official made the usual speech denouncing King Peter, Mihailovich, Archbishop Stepinac and the peasant leader Machek. The audience listened in silence. After the speech the official and his aides began to question those present, calling on them loudly by name.

"You, *Drugarica* [Comrade] Anka, what do you think about Stepinac?"

Drugarica Anka, a highly religious woman, could not get out a word, and began to cry. The official then declared that Archbishop Stepinac was a champion of international reaction, that he was strongly linked with the fascist, anti-Slavic Vatican, which was planning to intervene in Yugoslav domestic affairs, overthrow the people's democracy and restore the bankrupt reactionary dictatorship. . . .

The Street Committees are "elected." Election meetings are called by Party members. A prepared list of names is read out. If anyone has the temerity to criticize the selections he is immediately and violently denounced. The Party organization comes out in full force, vilifying the critic as a reactionary, an Anglophile, a man who consciously or unconsciously sides with the forces of international reaction. Later his *karakteristika* will be revised and at the next distribution of cards his ration will be reduced.

Thus the Street Committee is said to be elected by the "free expression of the popular will." The Street Committees elect the Section Committees, which in turn elect the City Committees, and so on to the higher agencies of the régime. This is the "new democracy" as it functions in practice.

III

We had weekly "discussions" at the Ministry of Information in Belgrade too. One typical meeting that I remember went like this:

The assistant minister, a high Party official, discussed the atomic bomb. Anglo-American reaction, he said, was using the atomic bomb to stop the process of the people's revolution and encourage domestic reaction. But Soviet Russia also had the bomb, although she did not say much about it because she thought in terms of peace.

Nobody, he concluded, could stop the new democracy and the rising Slavs on their historic march.

After the speech the discussion turned, as usual, to a personal investigation of the ministry's employees. *Drugarica* Mara, the treasurer of the ministry, got up to announce that she had been collecting money for orphans; certain men had refused to contribute, claiming they had already given to the Street Committees and had no more money. Such men, she said, her voice rising, were bourgeois reactionaries, corrupted by the loot they had stolen from the people during the war. They always seemed to be the ones who owned two suits; this was a bad sign. But worst of all: it was apparent that they were not interested in the new life! One of the accused fell to the floor unconscious. Another was sternly asked for his opinion of Mihailovich and King Peter. He answered, trembling, that they were reactionaries, traitors, enemies of the people. The group was then dismissed and left in silence, each man averting his eyes from his neighbor's.

Usually the weekly discussions are

wound up with a speech in which a Party member makes a few "constructive suggestions" about "voluntary" labor. This is work performed on Sundays or in the evenings after the regular working day. Mostly it involves manual labor — working on railroads, river dams, highways, etc. Those who do not volunteer will have the fact noted on their *karakteristikas*; they immediately become objects of official distrust.

Everyone who works belongs to some Syndicate, which supervises his political indoctrination during working hours. The Syndicates are like the Street Committees; they have their own weekly political meetings, their own discussions, their appeals for "voluntary" work, and so on. Also, they can issue to the well behaved cards for extra rations. Without an extra card life becomes extremely difficult.

The task of whipping Yugoslavia into line behind the new régime is carried on with maximum publicity. Every street and public institution has its own wall newspaper; this is a kind of public record of each individual's enthusiasm for the "new democracy." Each man and woman is given a certain number of points for doing "voluntary" labor, and the wall newspapers carry the scores for everyone in the neighborhood. A low score on the wall newspaper is virtually equivalent to a public statement of profascist leanings.

In Yugoslavia today everybody works more than ten hours a day.

Workers have no power to strike against their employer, as their employer is the state — *i.e.*, the Party. Strikes are a weakness of bourgeois states, it is explained. Everyone, man or woman, works eight hours at a regular place of employment, after which he must give one hour a day of "voluntary work" to the Party, another hour for the reconstruction of the country and additional time for various kinds of public service. Sunday is dedicated to "voluntary" manual labor.

"Voluntary" labor is not the only matter scored on the wall newspapers. One may pick up extra points, and so get on good terms with his Street Committee, by participating in the reading clubs, the *Krushoks*. These are weekly gatherings at which someone will read aloud various articles from the daily newspapers. Inasmuch as all papers are government-controlled most citizens consider reading them a waste of time — hence the *Krushoks*. The reading clubs also promote public discussions as another means of investigating the citizens' personal lives.

But perhaps the most important function of all the clubs, the committee meetings and "voluntary" labor is that they enable the government to keep a constant check on the activities of all citizens. Yugoslavs no longer have anything resembling "spare time" during which they might gather to talk over among themselves their opinions of the "new democracy."

IV

All school children are subjected to an intensive political indoctrination, which begins in the lowest grades. In the public schools in Zagreb children just learning to write are given composition assignments on such subjects as the October Revolution, the great Lenin, the Communist Party as the spearhead of the fight against fascism, and Stalin and Tito as the triumphant victors over fascism.

Students are not subject to supervision by either the Street Committees or Syndicates. Their lives are regulated by special Student Committees which check on their activities both in school and at home. Every school has its own organization. For each class there is a Class Committee, comprising a chairman, a secretary and the members of the class. Through the Class Committee both pupils and teachers are kept abreast of the latest Party line. The Class Committees answer to the School Committees, which are ultimately responsible to the Youth Organization of Yugoslavia.

One of the most terrifying features of the totalitarian state is its practice of promoting fear and mutual distrust in families. A girl I knew of in the fourth class of Zagreb College was instructed to investigate confidentially the political attitude of her schoolmates' families. The parents, who become aware of this kind of scrutiny, do not dare to talk freely before their children, much less at-

tempt to counteract the Party indoctrination. I have often seen parents stop talking when their children come home from school or from Party meetings. The children's reports are presented to the School and Street Committees and have an important bearing on the parents' *karakteristika*s.

The reports of the School Committees also determine which students shall have the opportunity to continue their studies. I know of fourteen boys in one Zagreb high school who were not graduated because, according to their Committee's report, they maintained an anti-national attitude — i.e., they did not accept Communism. Whereas in the first days after liberation most students openly voted against the abolition of religious teaching in the schools, they have now become more careful. Many take pains to participate in every "spontaneous" demonstration. They are advised by their parents to do so in order to continue their education and safeguard the parents' existence.

The School Committees have their own weekly meetings, of course, complete with speeches and discussions, appeals for "voluntary" work, student prosecutors and wall newspapers. The School Committees also have the function of reporting any "deviations" on the part of their teachers to the secret police (OZNA).

Pressure is constantly exerted on the teachers. One professor I knew in Zagreb was told by the school officials that the teaching of history was to be changed. They gave him a new book,

a translation of a text written by a certain Mishulin, which is now used in the Soviet Union. The book was obviously designed for Russian use only. In it there is not a word about the Serbs, Croats or Slovenes, not one reference to Yugoslav history. It contains, among other things, the interesting information that Jesus Christ never existed, and that the whole story was manufactured by the Roman slaves in their fight against the ruling class of the first century. The history of the nineteenth century is analyzed entirely in Marxian terms.

To build up a new teaching corps special schools have been set up by the Party. After four weeks of training, men and women (generally Partisan veterans) are considered qualified to teach in the grade schools. In the Dalmatian town of Kistanje, the secretary of the Town Committee confided to me that the new teachers were much better than the old: "They know what we want to teach the people. The old teachers are all saboteurs and reactionaries."

In traveling about Yugoslavia I had opportunities to talk confidentially to many young men and women. Some of them had been in Tito's army. Almost all of them had once been enthusiastic about the democratic slogans and promises of the Partisans. But when I spoke to them I found them broken, their ideals vanishing. For hope the Party had substituted a perpetual terror.

Danka was a young girl who had entered the Partisan movement in a

blaze of enthusiasm. Because of her extensive knowledge of foreign languages she was often used by the Party to negotiate with the Anglo-American allies in her neighborhood. "I wanted to help them," she told me. "They asked me to go to the nearest Anglo-American outpost and ask for jeeps, trucks and other things. I usually obtained what I went for. That made them suspicious. When I succeeded I was immediately distrusted, but if I did not succeed they accused me of not being sufficiently active. I couldn't stand it any more. . . ."

Danka's *karakteristika* accumulated a number of dangerous entries. Eventually she fled the country. "Everyone who comes from the West, or has a Western culture, is distrusted," she said. "The distrust kills your will for action. It spreads only fear. And when you are taken by fear the Party can do anything it wants with you."

In short, one can do nothing but accept the maxim that "Tito is always right." Or, as a Party poet put it, you should make sure that your "white face spells out the name of TITO."

V

Any deviation from the way of life prescribed by the Party leads directly to the People's Courts, one of the cruelest means of intimidation devised by the régime. The judges in these courts are invariably men who know nothing of law, but they are always good members of the Party. The technique of the courts follows the

Russian pattern closely. The audience, which consists only of Party sympathizers, continually interrupts the proceedings, hissing the defendant and hooting down his attorney (who cannot be counted on for a very vigorous defense anyway). Witnesses are often taken from the courtroom gallery. This is meant to further the impression that it is "the people" who are the judges in the new Yugoslavia; actually the judicial processes are no more democratic than lynch law.

The People's Courts have banned all enemies of the régime. They have also taken over almost all private property. The Constitution guarantees the right of private property, and so expropriation takes place only indirectly, through the device of conviction for "collaboration." Before the People's Court every property

owner or private employer is a collaborationist, a fascist, a war criminal or a profiteer. I know of an industrialist in Zagreb whose oil business had been requisitioned by the Germans during the war. He was therefore considered a collaborationist, and his property was duly confiscated by the People's Court.

In this manner the government has taken over all important financial and commercial establishments, and assumed control over all means of communication. Directors and board members of expropriated companies have been imprisoned or sent to forced labor gangs. Even many small shopkeepers have had the same fate. Among Serbian peasants the saying goes that even the hens were collaborationists — because they laid eggs for the Germans.



Phrase Origins — 9

TO SHANGHAI: In the days of the square-rigged wooden schooner, strong, healthy seamen were at a premium, and ships' captains were often not overly scrupulous in procuring them. The Chinese port of Shanghai became known to captains as one lawless area where they could get away with almost anything. In Shanghai the captain of a short-handed vessel could notify a shipping agent of his predicament, and the agent, in return for a regular fee, would use all possible means to deliver the required men. Generally they were drugged and turned over to the ship in an unconscious or semi-conscious state; and when they came to the ship would be at sea — the men would be "shanghaied." Currently, the expression has a somewhat broader connotation: it has come to mean getting a person to do something against his will through any sort of trickery.

— DAVID T. ARMSTRONG

BUSINESSMAN'S NEWSPAPER

BY CAROLINE BIRD MENEUEZ

WHEN the City Hall terminus of the New York Third Avenue el was dismantled last year, a great many dank institutions which had huddled under its shade were left to survive in unaccustomed sunshine. A number of bartenders catering to Bowery bums wiped the tables a little more frequently, and their clientele edged uptown along the pawn shops and railroad labor offices towards Chinatown. Unchanged, though still blinking, are the two newspapers which came to light. Both are owned by the Ridders, a family of publishers who believe in free trade, free enterprise, unsyndicated newspapers and Stassen in 1948.

On the left of the Brooklyn Bridge is the *Staats-Zeitung*, dean of American foreign-language dailies, which despite the immigration laws and two wars with Germany is doing nicely with a weekday circulation of 27,000. On the right, in the building Joseph Pulitzer built as a 15-story skyscraper in 1888, the 119-year-old *Journal of Commerce and Commercial* lingers on as the only newspaper left on Park Row.

While its erstwhile neighbors have changed their names, locations, type faces and policies, the *Journal* has been content to continue printing an unequalled concentration of commodity information and typographical errors per agate line. Its editors approve the staying power of the New York *Sun* across City Hall Park, a neighbor from whom they used to borrow the stock exchange quotations. Whether they follow the *Sun's* grudging recognition of the outbreak of world wars or national elections depends entirely on how such events affect the pocket-book nerves of commodity dealers.

On Pearl Harbor Sunday there was little more *Journal of Commerce* activity than on other Sundays. The 75-year-old copy boy clucked mildly as usual at a few staff members washing up at the open marble basins before going home. On Tuesday, much fatter than usual, the paper appeared with an exhaustive account of what the new state of the nation would mean to dealers in every commodity from pepper to manila hemp.

Although a faithful reader would have a hard time discovering that the

CAROLINE BIRD MENEUEZ is a graduate of *Fortune* and of the *Journal of Commerce*, for which she wrote the burlap bag news under the masculine by-line of C. B. Meneuez.

war was fought against anyone or anything in particular, *Journal* editors harbored enough valuable tips on cargoes and war contracts to worry the security authorities. Their concern was unnecessary. *Journal* editors have been reporting business maneuvers in bland ambiguity for so many years that they found it no trick at all to inform the trade while outwitting the enemy. When, for example, the liner *Robin Goodfellow* was torpedoed off the coast of South Africa in 1944 with losses unreported, a grocery reporter reacted immediately. "Oh God," he said, pulling up his shaky typewriter stand and inserting a piece of copy paper, "they was a million and a half bucks of vanilla beans aboard." Tapping away steadily from a repertory of familiar phrases and dangling participles, he warned the trade of the opinion of well-informed sources that allocations of vanilla beans would grow increasingly tight in view of the difficulties of replenishing existing supplies, resulting in strained relations with old customers temporarily forced to rely on synthetic flavorings, which, however, would not be able to compete with the resumption of normal markets.

In the early twenties a ship carrying burlap from Calcutta sank of natural causes in the Red Sea. Burlap importers in New York got the word by a telepathy common to traders with the Orient, and the *Journal* reporter spent several columns on the insurance procedures involved in the loss of some two thousand bales of the

stuff. It was not until an editor of the *New York Times* happened to glance at the very bottom of the story on an inside page that he saw something which made him move fast. Also aboard and lost, the *Journal* noted, were 1500 British troops. Oldtimers tell the story reverently to this day, especially when breaking in cubs whose view of what constitutes news may be adulterated by experience on general dailies. The process takes a lot of liquor and is usually conducted at Tynan's Bar and Grill on William Street, but the general idea seems to be that news is whatever makes a dollar change hands.

II

This odd prescription has kept the *Journal of Commerce* going far beyond the life span of papers which feed on politics, murders and cheesecake. Quaint, stilted and haphazard as it is, the *Journal* carries authority ridiculously disproportionate to its size. There are house organs which have a circulation higher than its 36,000, but its subscribers represent 78 per cent of the dollar volume of American industry.

The *Wall Street Journal* sells 76,000 copies a day, many of them to advertising executives impressing the hotel help in alien cities, elevator operators with a stake in the market, and fashion editors posing career girls in fall suits. It philosophizes about the economy and views business through the hyperthyroid eyes of the New

York Stock Exchange. The *Journal*, which directs itself to the inarticulate louts who turn the wheels, seldom looks above the production line, the profit margin, and the dusty rooms south of Wall Street where tangible units of cocoa or cotton change hands. No one reads it unless he absolutely has to.

These include policy-making officials of big corporations who pass the paper down the line, purchasing agents, and a querulous covey of export-import houses to whom its \$20 annual subscription price is one of the larger items of overhead. Traders and manufacturers in sixty foreign countries, from a rug exporter in Afghanistan to an unidentified party in Zanzibar, look to it for guidance on such problems as the effect of local disturbances on shellac production in India, the efforts of hosiery manufacturers to combat the bare leg fad, and the opinion of competent market authorities on the value of railroad reorganization bonds. When the Insurance Company of North America advertised its riot and civil commotion coverage some years ago, a rajah in India wrote in for details.

As its staff boasts, the paper is as dull as a timetable and as intently read. Much of it *looks* like a timetable. There are 2500 commodity quotations from alpha-naphthylamine to wahoo bark, a fire record, price tables on over three hundred constructions of cotton cloth, and a directory locating every known freighter in the world and its cargo. Contracts for the sale of bunker oil ordinarily specify

"the price quoted in the *Journal of Commerce*," and its files are so often subpoenaed as the only authority for out-of-the-way commodity prices that the paper used to keep an extra set of bound volumes for the convenience of the courts. Its shipping editor, a sandy-haired ex-music critic for the *New Republic*, has recently installed two tickers which keep him posted on all movements in the harbor. "Every time a flounder swims past Ambrose Light we know about it," he declares happily.

Behind the front page, which nobody reads, the *Journal* is really a fistful of trade papers. Space is allocated among the contesting departments, who fill it as they please, down to their own type faces. Expected columns of unbroken jargon headed "Gray Goods," "Sales Yarns" and "West Side Notes" have to be fitted around tables in the places readers are used to finding them, whether anything has happened in the field or not. These places are better known to the printers than to the copy desk, which is manned by unimportant young journalism students who are supposed to moderate the flow of copy, change "rumors" to "reports" and see to it that the term "firm" is applied only to unincorporated concerns. Their occasional drives to approach the journalistic standards of the Age of Taft make the *Journal's* cover page look like a Victorian parlor on which some daughter of Wellesley has vented the decorating enthusiasms of an Easter vacation.

The vested interests greet such signs of progress with a patient silence. They know that while an ambitious hustler on the night desk may break into an up-to-date three-column streamer under the impetus of some catastrophe like a change in the cotton parity formula, nothing serious is apt to happen to the column of advertisements on the front page, headed by a reminder that the Sun Insurance Co. is the oldest in the world.

III

Journal reporters are in fact and title editors with a personal hold on their trades which makes them independent of publisher, editor or copy desk. Their reductions of business gossip to turgid expressions of high purpose are eagerly decoded by a handful of interested operators who find the daily sport as habit-forming as the crossword puzzle in the Sunday supplement. They do not hesitate to tell their readers what to think, and their chidings are always received with passion, if occasionally without humility.

No department head is taken more seriously as an industry advisor than William H. Crawford, whose twenty-fifth anniversary as insurance editor was touched off a few years ago with a little lunch at the Bankers' Club attended by top executives of companies representing \$12.6 billion in assets. When aroused, his ire runs to headline campaigns in the style of the mountain-state dailies on which he

worked sixty years ago, with results well known to all hands through their ritualistic recounting at *Journal* gatherings.

When insurance agents met to protest government regulations during the war, younger members of the staff were electrified to open the paper one morning and discover on the insurance page an article entitled "Unite and Fight for the Right." Now eighty years old, Mr. Crawford is monitory with forebodings of inflation, and he heads interviews with like-minded observers, "Sees Country in Bad State," or rounds up the situation under his by-line with an arresting head and bank: "Great Activity and Then What? To Over-expand in Boom Times Brings Sorrow if Conditions Change." Associates who remember how he single-handedly cleaned up fire hazards in Birmingham aren't inclined to smile. He simply collected from the daily fire record all accounts of Birmingham blazes and printed full reports under the invariable caption, "Poor Old Birmingham." The Ridders themselves would no more interfere with one of Mr. Crawford's heads than they would with his rolloper desk, which survived a recent remodelling with cobwebs intact.

The only person who really worries about all this reportorial independence is its combined news and city editor, Arthur Krahmer, the product of some tough dailies in Newark and Jersey City, and, according to snide comments of some staff members, of

a picture called *Five Star Final*, which he happened to see one hot afternoon in Passaic. Krahmer's entrance into the city room about two o'clock is the nearest thing to a formal beginning the working day ever gets. His entrances never vary. Even before he has hung up his hat he has communicated to the staff his conviction that nothing short of a miracle will bring out the next day's paper.

Krahmer immediately takes up the single-handed struggle to get copy out of a staff warily inured to pressure. Hot, sporadic blasphemies sound from various sections of the room as he ricochets from one autonomous department to another. At six o'clock, in a crescendo of general indignation, he bustles angrily into his private elevator and follows the copy jerking spasmodically down the pneumatic tubes to the composing room two floors below. At moments like these the staff likens him to an octopus in a revolving door, but all agree that the whole thing is quieter than formerly, when last-minute negotiations were conducted by shouting down a well through which copy was lowered into the composing room in a hand-cranked bucket. Some of the younger staff members have been stunned into temporary paralysis by demonstrations of Krahmer's indignation, but the stolidity of the more sedate oldsters is at least as impressive as his nightly performance. While the harried city editor is scurrying around for copy, Mr. Crawford will stuff stray ends of tobacco into his pipe

with a gnarled and shaking hand, and creak around in his swivel chair to reminisce with a colleague about the agenda of the Hartford Fire Insurance Convention in 1912. Somehow the paper has come out on every day it made the attempt since the Federal government seized it for sympathizing with the cotton trade during the Civil War.

IV

The origin of the *Journal's* sobriety, which has invited comparison with the *Christian Science Monitor*, is now long forgotten by its staunchest upholders. It all began back in 1824, when a visiting French dancer introduced the burlesque show to the New World. Cautious New York newspapers left as much as possible to the imagination in describing the "extraordinary ecstasies" to which the new "poetry of motion" moved gentlemen in the pit of the Bowery Theatre. "Mme. Hutin," they reported, "does not allow concealment to prey on her charms."

Reaction in the God-fearing hinterlands was immediate. Respectable journals thundered Calvinistically not so much against Mme. Hutin, who was a papist beyond redemption anyway, as against the pit gentlemen and journalists. Among the more vehement was a debt-ridden painter, Samuel F. B. Morse, whom genteel circles in New York knew as a young man unafraid of large schemes or large canvases. "Finley" Morse, as he was

called, had just founded the National Academy of Design on the revolutionary principle that artists, not portrait-commissioning burghers, should control American art. Duty now clearly pointed to the establishment of a newspaper which should drive prurience from the press. Morse proposed a "Journal of Commerce" which should do without lottery or theatre advertisements, and come out late on Mondays so that its typesetters would not work on Sundays.

Venture capital of a latter-day lower Manhattan would have been quick to see the prospects for a business newspaper at a time when the new Erie Canal promised to make New York the first American trading city. But it was the call to morals which inspired Arthur Tappan, a silk merchant, to put up solid coin. On September 1, 1827 the *Journal of Commerce* made its first appearance under the editorship of William Maxwell, whose Yale Congregationalism was regarded as a more important qualification than previous newspaper experience. For the next sixty years most *Journal* editors were associated with the cloth.

From the outset the editors accepted no compromise with the Puritan thesis that virtue brings business reward. The *Journal* obviously could not join the association of New York newspapers which maintained a small boat to meet incoming ships on Sundays as well as on other days. Instead, Tappan bought a regular schooner which ranged a

hundred miles out to sea to intercept packets before the association's profane little boat could reach them. Soon the others followed, instituting a period in which schooners literally raced each other for the vital European news. Encouraged by its success at sea, the *Journal* started its own pony express to Philadelphia, which brought it the Washington news one day ahead of the United States mails as well as the Sabbath-breaking competition.

While the paper was doing a job of journalism, Finley continued to regard it as a private vehicle for attacks of the Morse conscience. When he became a nativist, the *Journal* inveighed against the foreign menace — a stand thoroughly endorsed by its aristocratic readers. Its editors were used to casual "must" contributions from Morse — a defense of a victim of the Catholic church, a communique from Morse as Whig candidate for mayor, perhaps a reply to an attack on his National Academy of Design. On May 24, 1844 they were not surprised to get "a few facts in relation to the telegraph in popular shape for the *Journal of Commerce*," which announced that the first telegraph message from Baltimore to Washington had been a Biblical quotation: "What hath God wrought?" The pony-racing editors were not slow to see the press possibilities of Morse's invention, and it was a *Journal* editor, Gerard Hallock, who took the initiative in forming the first wire pool, the New York Associated Press.

V

Around the turn of the century the paper's financial man, Charley Brown, developed a knack for hanging around big doings and reporting them in such a way that touchy Wall Streeters couldn't accuse him of violating confidences. His scoop on the end of the Spanish-American War is a bench mark of conscientious enterprise. The Secretary of the Interior tipped off the vice-president of the Fourth National Bank, who confided the off-the-record news to Charley, who wired the secret to the *Financial Times* of London, which wired it back pegged on sources-which-cannot-be-questioned. The London cable appeared in the *Journal of Commerce* the next day without any of the unpleasant consequences which dogged Ed Kennedy's revolt against SHAEF on the premature V-E Day.

Journal folk are prouder of the occasion on which a careless telephone operator, addled by the unusual traffic in the panic of 1907, happened to cut Brown in on a line over which J. P. Morgan was telling a colleague he'd support the stock market with \$100 million. The old banker didn't like reporters, especially wire-tapping ones, but Charley reached him with a dollars-and-cents proposal for getting the news on record: "Why not let us print your offer and save you your money?" The *Journal* scored a resounding beat, the bulls were reassured, and not a penny of the \$100 million was spent.

The Ridders picked up the *Journal* for \$3 million in 1927 and helped to pay for it by selling off the AP franchise inherited from the days of Hallock to a newcomer called the New York *Daily News*. Ever since Herman Ridder founded the *Catholic News* in 1875, the family has managed to keep enough newspapers around to provide employment for all male members of the family. By getting the kids married they succeed in keeping enough Ridders around to run the Ridder publications. Herman's sons, Bernard and the younger twins Joseph and Victor, pulled the *Staats-Zeitung* through the First World War with American flags flying, but found themselves with more money and energy than the three of them could reasonably expend on a paper they saw doomed by the end of immigration. In 1926 they bought the Long Island *Daily Press* as an experiment in the English field, and the next year couldn't resist the bargain *Journal of Commerce*. Since then the Ridders have regularly bid on every sound newspaper property offered for sale, including two tries at the Chicago *Daily News*. In addition to the papers in New York they now hold the St. Paul *Dispatch* and *Pioneer Press*, the Duluth *Herald* and *News Tribune*, the Grand Forks (N.D.) *Herald*, and the Aberdeen (S.D.) *American News*. Now that the eight grandsons of Herman Ridder are back from the wars, no one knows what the saturation point will be.

Joe Ridder, who is president of the

Journal of Commerce, has a pine-paneled office in the old *World* building across the bridge from the *Staats-Zeitung*. Both papers are held by Ridder Publications, Inc., in which the families of each of the three brothers divide the stock equally. The *Journal* operated at a loss in 1938 and 1939, but is expected to turn in a 1946 net of over \$300,000 after providing a job of green paint and a round of staff raises.

Joe likes to think of the *Journal* as a public relations counsel guiding bewildered businessmen through conditions which require a broader view of the world than is usually acquired in trade. Jules I. Bogen, who as editor has the job of spelling this kind of advice out, claims that he only tries to prescribe what is economically feasible. This is all in strong contrast to Bogen's teacher and predecessor, the late Professor H. Parker Willis, who claimed to be and was a man of principle.

As advisor to Carter Glass, Willis wrote the Federal Reserve Act and out of sheer good will for the nation used his editorship to lambaste the Board for refusing to raise the rediscount rate in the twenties. His editorial consistency was often scarcely feasible at all. He opposed shipping subsidies because he believed in free trade, but if the shipping companies, whose old-fashioned "ship cards" still provide the bulk of the paper's advertising revenue, ever dared to

object, Willis told them he'd run any cancellations of advertising space as a front-page news item. The policy and the cards remained, but by 1931 Willis was out.

Jules Bogen is somewhat more reasonable, but he feels less at home in the city room than teaching his economics classes at New York University, advising Senate committees on finance, and grinding out textbooks on banking and railroads. He changed his name from Katzenellenbogen early in his career because as a shy man he found it hard to lecture to a crowd of giggling adolescents with a name which means cat's elbows. Round and saturnine, he steals into the office every morning with the expression of a man who doesn't know whether it's wise to say good morning, and knocks out in eight minutes flat his editorial on the day's economically feasible thing to do.

Whatever Joe Ridder and Jules Bogen like to tell each other and the senior staff at seminar luncheons at the Bankers' Club, they both know that readers are not as interested in economic feasibility as they are in the hot dope on linseed oil. The purveyors of that dope, who appreciate the free drink apiece dispensed on such occasions know it too. "The *Journal of Commerce*," blurted Joe Ridder in the silence of one of these policy get-togethers, "is a paper which only a mother could love."



THE NIGHT BEFORE THE TRIAL

A Story

BY ANTON CHEKHOV

WE'RE in for bad luck, sir," said the driver, turning around and pointing with the whip to a hare running across the road. I knew without this evil omen that my future was desperate, for I was going to the neighboring court to be tried for bigamy. The weather was as bad as it could possibly be. When, at last, I reached the station where I was to spend the night, I was covered with snow and felt as though I had been well flogged, so cold, wet and numb was I from the monotonous shaking of the old cart.

At the station I was met by the stationmaster, a tall, rather sleepy looking man in blue striped trousers. He was bald, and had a mustache apparently growing out of his nostrils, which might have deadened his sense of smell—for smells there were aplenty, I can assure you. When the stationmaster, grumbling, sniffing and scratching the back of his head, opened the door and without a word pointed his elbow at the place I

was to settle down that night, I smelled the odor of sealing wax and of something else so very acrid that I almost choked. A tin lamp standing on a table smoldered and barely lit the unpainted wooden wall.

"There's an awful smell here, mister," said I, walking in and putting my traveling-bag down on the table. The stationmaster took a deep breath and shook his head. "It smells as it usually does," said he, and scratched his head. "It only seems so to you, because you come in from the frost."

I sent the man away and began to examine my temporary dwelling. The sofa on which I had to sleep was very broad, like a double bed, and was covered with an oilcloth as cold as ice. Besides the sofa, there was a big iron stove, the table with the lamp I mentioned, someone's felt boots, a satchel and a screen which partitioned off one corner. Behind the screen somebody was quietly sleeping. Having looked about, I made my bed and began to undress. My nose soon got

ANTON CHEKHOV is equally celebrated as a short story writer and dramatist. This story was first published in Russia in 1868 and here appears in English for the first time. The translation was made by Anna Heifetz of the Slavonic Division of the New York Public Library.

used to the smell. I took off my coat, trousers and boots; then, in order to get warm, I jumped around the stove, lifting my bare legs very high. I soon felt a little warmer. The only thing left for me to do then was stretch out on the sofa and fall asleep—but at that moment something peculiar occurred.

My gaze suddenly fell on the corner where the screen stood. Imagine my utter amazement when from behind the screen I saw a woman's head with loose hair, black eyes and a wide smile. Her dark eyebrows moved, her cheeks dimpled as though she were laughing. I was embarrassed. Observing that I saw her, she too became embarrassed and hid herself. I lay down on the sofa and covered myself with the coat.

I felt that I was responsible for the incident. How awful, I thought to myself, she must have seen me jump—it's not nice. And, recollecting the features of her sweet face, I involuntarily began to dream. Pictures exceeding one another in beauty and enticement crowded my imagination and, as though to punish me for my sinful thoughts, there was suddenly a strong burning pain on my right cheek. I touched it, and though I felt nothing I guessed what the trouble was.

"What am I to do?" I heard the woman's voice say just then. "Those nasty bugs, they really want to devour me."

I remembered my good habit of taking Keating's Powder with me

whenever I traveled. I hadn't forgotten to pack it this time. In a second the tin box with the powder was pulled out of the valise. I had only to offer the remedy to the owner of the sweet face and in this way get acquainted. But how was I to offer it?

"It's awful!" I heard her exclaim again.

"Madam," said I in a very low voice, "I understand from your last exclamation that you are being annoyed by bugs. I have some Keating's Powder. If you desire, I —"

"Yes, please."

"At once. I shall put on my coat and bring it," said I happily.

"No, no, you can hand it to me over the screen, only don't come here."

"Certainly I shall hand it over the screen. Don't be afraid, I am no boozy tramp."

"Who can tell? You are a stranger here."

"Well, and if I went behind the screen, there would be nothing wrong in that. Besides, I am a doctor," I invented on the spur of the moment, "and doctors, police inspectors and ladies' hairdressers are permitted to intrude upon privacy."

"Are you really a doctor? Seriously?"

"Upon my word. Will you allow me, then, to bring you the powder?"

"Well, if you are a doctor, please. Only why should you trouble? I can send my husband out to you." She hesitated a moment and then called in a sort of loud whisper,

"Fedya, wake up, you seal. Get up and go out behind the screen. The doctor has been so kind as to offer us some Keating's Powder."

The news that there was a Fedya behind the screen startled me. My soul was filled with as much disappointment as the trigger of a gun probably feels when it suddenly misfires: ashamed, vexed and sorry. I felt stunned; and such a scoundrel did this Fedya appear to me when he came out from behind the screen, that I almost cried out for help. Fedya was a tall, sinewy man, about fifty years old, with gray whiskers, tightly-closed lips and little blue veins all over his nose and temples. He was in a dressing-gown and slippers.

"You are very kind, doctor," said he, taking the Keating's Powder from me and returning behind the screen. "Thanks. Are you also being annoyed by the bugs?"

"Yes," said I, lying down on the sofa again, and furiously drawing the coat over myself. "Yes, indeed."

Then I heard him address his wife: "Zinochka, there's a bug running on your little nose; let me take it off."

"Do," laughed Zinochka. Then she exclaimed, "You didn't catch it! And you a state counselor! Everybody is afraid of you, yet you can't even get the better of a bug!"

"Hush, Zinochka, don't forget there's a stranger here. You always say things you shouldn't."

"The beasts, they won't let you

sleep," I grumbled angrily, not knowing why.

The couple soon dozed off. I closed my eyes and tried not to think of anything in order to fall asleep myself. Half an hour passed, then an hour, but still I could not sleep.

At last my neighbors began to fidget about and scold each other in a whisper.

"It's strange, even the Keating's Powder doesn't do any good," grumbled Fedya. "There are so many of them."

Then he called to me, "Doctor, Zinochka told me to ask you why the bugs smell so bad?"

We started talking to each other. We spoke about the bugs, the weather, the Russian winter, medicine — of which I had as little knowledge as of astronomy; we also spoke of Edison.

Then I heard him admonish his wife gently, "Don't be ashamed, Zinochka. He is a doctor. Don't be shy; ask. There's nothing to be afraid of. Doctor Shervetzov didn't help and perhaps this one will help."

"Ask him yourself," whispered Zinochka.

"Doctor," said Fedya, addressing me, "why has my wife such a pain in her chest? She coughs, you know, and feels such a weight on her chest as though there were something clotted there."

"That would require a long explanation; it can't be answered in a few words," said I, trying to get out of it.

"What does it matter if it's a long explanation? There's plenty of time,

we are not sleeping anyway. Please examine her, my dear fellow. I must tell you that Dr. Shervetzov treated her. He is a good man, but I don't believe much in what he says. No, I don't; but I see that you would not be disposed, as he is, to give us a diagnosis that's too favorable. I do wish you would examine her and I shall go meanwhile to the station-master and order the samovar to be set."

Fedya, shuffling with his slippers, left the room. I went behind the screen. Zinochka sat on a broad sofa, surrounded by many pillows, holding up her lace collar.

"Show me your tongue," said I, sitting down beside her and knitting my brows. She showed me her tongue and began to laugh. Her tongue was as it should be — red. I felt her pulse. "Hm," I muttered, though I really couldn't find it. I don't remember what other questions I put to her smiling face. I only remember that at the end of my examination I felt such a fool that I really couldn't ask any more questions.

Fedya returned. The three of us were having tea. I wrote a prescription and I composed it as professionally as I knew how:

Pr.

Sic transit 0.05

Gloria mundi 1.0

Aquae distillatae 0.1

A tablespoonful every two hours

For Mrs. S'yelova

DR. ZAITZEV

In the morning when I was ready to depart, I stood with my traveling bag in my hand, taking leave of my new acquaintances, whom I thought never to meet again. Fedya button-holed me and persuaded me to accept a ten-rouble bill.

"No, you must take it," he said. "I always pay for honest work. You studied, worked. I understand. Your knowledge was attained by the sweat of your brow."

There was nothing I could do but take the money. Thus I spent the night previous to my trial.

I shall not describe the emotions I experienced when the door was opened and the court-attendant pointed out to me the section reserved for defendants. I turned pale and got confused. Looking around, I saw a thousand eyes gazing at me; I seemed to hear my own death-knell. I looked at the serious and important faces of the jury.

I can neither describe nor can you imagine my terror when, looking up at the table which was covered with red cloth, I saw in the prosecutor's place, whom do you think — Fedya! He was writing. When I looked at him, I remembered the bugs, Zinochka, my prescription — and I not only felt a frost, but the whole Arctic Ocean on my spine.

Having finished writing, Fedya looked up. At first he did not recognize me, but afterwards he opened his eyes wide, his lower jaw hung down, his hand shook. He got up slowly

and shot an icy look at me. I too got up, not knowing why, and stared back at him.

"Defendant, tell the court your name, occupation, etc.," the bailiff began.

The prosecutor drank some water and sat down. His forehead was covered with perspiration.

"Here's a fine kettle of fish," I

thought. I could see the prosecutor meant to have revenge on me. He was very irritated, and again and again he looked over the written evidence and grumbled.

But now it's time to finish. I am writing this in the building of the court during dinner recess. Directly after this the prosecutor will speak.

Oh, Lord, what will he say?



SONG FOR A WINTER DANCE

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

COME and go
If you must.
Life is slow,
But waiting is longer.

Tarry and linger
Another while.
Behold the mystic secret
Of my flesh.
But come and go
If you must.

Winter is a sweet stranger,
But falling snow
Can stab the soul.
Hope is cold,
But dreams are stronger.

Time's enigma
Alone can placate
My turmoil.
But all is vanishing
In fierce oblivion.

Do not tarry and linger.
Come and go,
Oh, come and go.

VETERANS AND THE CIVIL SERVICE

By MIRIAM ROHER

NOT many years ago we Americans were congratulating ourselves on substituting the merit system for the spoils system in making appointments to the civil service. But now it looks as if we merely have a new version of the spoils system, with military service substituted for political service as a job-getting criterion. The substitution is not necessarily an improvement. The man who rang doorbells the day before election may be as well qualified to sit behind a government desk as the man who practiced digging slit trenches in some Army encampment.

World War II added fifteen million Americans to the three million veterans of World War I. And now pressure-conscious legislatures have saddled the public service with veterans' preferences bigger, better and more drastic than ever before. Already important jobs have been given to ex-warriors only because the five or ten point preference which the law allowed them was a safe job-getting margin over non-veterans who happened to be more capable.

The argument runs like this: for the

time and physical abilities they lost in serving their country, veterans should now be allowed a few paces of advantage to help them overtake the wartime civilians. But should the few paces constitute the whole mile, thus virtually disqualifying all other contestants? And, since the winners in this economic marathon automatically become the custodians of the governmental welfare of 140 million Americans, ought we not to make sure they are fit to carry out the trust?

Whether we like it or not, government is daily becoming a more important factor in our lives. The best laws can be perverted if the men responsible for their execution are incompetent. It is not so much a question of veteran beating out non-veteran as it is of veterans' preference beating out competent public administration — city, state and Federal. In the long run, the veteran stands to benefit more from efficient government than from a job sop at the expense of his neighbors.

Of course, not all veterans are mediocre or incompetent. But the operation of the veterans' preference

MIRIAM ROHER is a writer specializing in articles on public administration. She has written pamphlets for the California State Reconstruction and Re-employment Commission.

system is such that not only the competent veteran but the mediocrity as well is pushed into public office ahead of the able non-veteran.

II

The Federal government, it will be remembered, theoretically fills its 2,300,000 jobs (that was the count in the summer of 1946) by examinations designed to discover who is best qualified to do the work in each type of job. A perfect score is 100, passing grade is 70. Those who score between 70 and 100 are listed in order of their grades and their names are presented to the Federal agency which has a vacancy to fill. The hiring officer fills the job with one of the top three on the list. This is not a perfect system, but it has improved over the years, improved so much that during the thirties many ambitious young college graduates were seeking out the government service as a means to a career in which one could advance through sheer ability, as has been possible for some time in the British civil service.

What do the Federal Veterans' Preference Act of 1944 and the various state and local preference plans do to this merit system? (Most state and local systems are modeled on the Federal which, in turn, is modeled on the program set up after the First World War.) The law says that anyone who has ever served in the armed forces during wartime gets five points added to his civil service examination score, even if he failed.

Score one against the merit system. Veterans don't even need to pass the tests to qualify for appointment.

The law says that a disabled veteran (anyone with any service-connected disability whatsoever, including hay fever) gets ten unearned points. In addition, for all except technical, scientific and professional jobs paying over \$3000, his name is moved to the top of the list of eligibles, regardless of his initial score. Thus he may compete only with other disabled veterans; all others are below him on the list. Furthermore, these provisions apply also to the wives and widows of disabled veterans who cannot themselves take jobs.

Score two against merit. It is perfectly possible, under this provision, for an incompetent who made 60 on the examination (ten points below passing) to be appointed to a job, in preference to a non-veteran applicant who made the brilliant score of 99.5.

The law says further that veterans must receive preference over all others in re-employment and in retention in temporary and emergency appointments. What incentive is then left to a non-veteran to do a good job? The non-veteran, regardless of intelligence, achievement and length of service, will lose his job before the veteran if his agency is cutting down (as most Federal bureaus are right now). The non-veteran will also be the last to be re-employed.

Also the law requires that age, height and weight requirements may be waived in the case of veterans. Nor

do they need to meet minimum educational requirements, except for some scientific, technical and professional positions. Some openings — for guards, elevator operators, messengers, custodians, etc. — may be filled only with veterans, until the supply of veteran applicants runs out. The President may add jobs to this list.

Chalk up another setback for merit. Waiving physical and educational requirements, which were presumably set up in the first place because the jobs demanded special qualifications, can be one more way of letting the unfit prevail over the fit. As for the “exclusive” jobs, there may be little harm in reserving them for veterans — except that it is well to remember that a vested right to any office, from kingship down to running messages, usually carries abuses along with it.

Finally, the law says that in making appointments by the rule of selecting one from the top three applicants, should one of the three passed over be a veteran, the appointing officer must state his reasons in writing to the Civil Service Commission. The decision may be subject to further investigation, and a copy must be available to the veteran if he demands it. But how many appointing officers will want to let themselves in for the trouble, the embarrassment, and the pressures involved in turning down a veteran for a job, even when someone else on the list is much more capable?

An illustration of the manner in which the veterans' preference system

substitutes the ordinary for the better-than-ordinary is provided in a study made by the National Civil Service League just after the establishment of the post-World-War-I veterans' preference system, a scheme slightly less drastic than the present one. The League examined the outcome of fifty Federal civil service examinations and found that in only fifteen would the highest veteran have come out at the top of the list without the benefit of his extra points. In one case the added veterans' preference enabled a veteran to get the job of educational director, while ten higher scoring non-veterans were skipped. Seven non-veterans with better raw scores were passed over for the job of food and drug investigator; nine were eliminated for investigator in marketing fruit; sixteen for statistical clerk; five for assistant auditor; sixteen for pressman. Seventy non-veterans were skipped over in another test.

In practically all civil service examinations, most applicants score within a narrow range of ten or fifteen points. So the five or ten point veterans' preference is enough to give the veteran a good advantage over almost everyone else, regardless of merit.

III

Already the consequences of our exaggerated veterans' preference system are beginning to be felt in Federal, state and local government offices.

Some Federal agencies — notably the arsenals and Naval repair estab-

lishments, such as Edgewood Arsenal, Mare Island and Benicia — are losing non-veteran public servants with as much as twenty-five years' experience because, during the current drastic reductions in force, preference in retention must be given to veterans of even a year's civil service standing. In the Federal Public Housing Authority, for example, there is a case of a veteran whose only service-connected disability was some dental trouble. Although originally a non-permanent employee, his "disability" automatically got him permanent status after one year of service. Now, should his agency's staff be reduced, he is in a position to "bump" some non-veteran employee who has served since 1938.

Some of the most competent non-veteran wartime appointees are resigning because they know that when examinations are given for permanent positions, or when reductions in force are ordered, they won't stand a chance in competition with veterans. Recently the then Acting Secretary of the Navy, John L. Sullivan, admitted:

It is, of course, inevitable that, under present regulations, many highly skilled employees will be lost. . . . It is safe to say that, to a large extent, the efficiency of operation of our old line stations depended on the well-developed skills of non-veterans. The Navy is now faced with the loss of many of these skilled persons. For the most part, veterans of World War II will be the replacements. . . . In few cases will they have the necessary well-rounded experience required to meet the many complex industrial problems of job-

bing activities. Without question, stations face a period of reduced over-all quality and reduced ability to perform complicated and difficult tasks. This period of lessened efficiency is inevitable unless it can be assumed that Congress will modify the present employment and retention provisions. To assume that such a modification will occur is not realistic. . . . It cannot be overemphasized that veteran preference is here to stay.

A species of black market in public jobs is developing. In the present interim, before the Federal Civil Service Commission has had a chance to give examinations and establish regular lists, Federal agencies have the right to hire anyone. However, they are required to give preference to any veterans who may apply. So some appointing officers are deliberately filling vacancies in a hush-hush, under-the-counter manner, for fear that publicity about the job opening may attract an unqualified veteran. Sullivan may have had this practice in mind when he cautioned Naval appointing officers:

It must be accepted that veteran preference is not fully consistent with a strict merit system. . . . However, it was the opinion of the great majority of the public and of the Congress that the principles of the merit system should be modified in order to give preference to veterans. . . . Since the President, Congress and the public have clearly indicated this opinion by enactment of law, the Navy Department must willingly and effectively follow the letter and the spirit of this law.

In the Veterans Administration — where the veteran has a right to the most efficient service possible — it is

an open secret that the Administration's reluctance to hire a non-veteran is responsible for the fact that important jobs sometimes go to barely qualified persons. Other jobs stand vacant because no veteran can be found to fill them. General Omar Bradley himself admitted that "The Veterans Administration goes further than the law in giving employment preference to veterans. The vast majority of our employees are veterans." However, it may be significant that in creating the VA's new Bureau of Medicine and Surgery — which has charge of all medical treatment of veterans — Congress, at Bradley's own request, exempted the Bureau from the shackles of the civil service law, *including* veterans' preference.

An ironical by-product of all-out preference to veterans of this war is the opportunity given to the aging survivors of the last war. Today's veterans' preference statutes do not specify which war a man must have fought in to be eligible for extra consideration in the public service. In California reinstatement was demanded not long ago by a man who had left his state job shortly after the beginning of World War I. He had remained in the regular Army until his retirement. In the meantime, of course, his job had disappeared, his old boss had died, and the division in which he had worked had long since been abolished. Nevertheless, a "comparable" position had to be found, and the man was put to work. It is interesting to note that during the first

six months of 1945, 760 widows and wives of World War I veterans were being placed in Federal jobs.

IV

It is much too soon to feel the full effects of veterans' preference on the public service, even though some departments are rapidly filling up their rosters with ex-warriors. (The proportion of veterans among the Navy's civilian employees jumped from 10.7 per cent in August 1945 to 33.7 per cent in March 1946.) Fifteen million veterans will soon have been demobilized. With this enormous reserve, appointing officers should have no real trouble finding men and women amply qualified for just about any position, even though men who held civilian jobs in wartime are virtually barred from contributing their skills. But what about five, ten or fifteen years from now, when the more competent veterans will long since have found satisfactory berths in either public agencies or private business?

Inexorable time will have transformed today's twenty to forty year-old veteran job-holders into thirty to fifty year olds, thus creating a bloc of the middle-aged in public office. But youngsters just coming out of school, full of ambition, energy and ideas, will be edged out of the competition for new public jobs by five- or ten-point-preference veterans who have not found a place in competitive private industry. Without new blood, the public service will naturally develop

noticeable hardening of the arteries.

It remains to be seen what will have happened to the morale of non-veteran civil servants in some states and cities when they realize that, regardless of merit, veterans will beat them out in promotions, if they have not already done so in appointment. It also remains to be seen what will happen to the morale of otherwise honest public administrators who school themselves in the art of evading the rules and regulations so that they can choose employees on the basis of ability rather than past military service.

However, there seems little likelihood that such evasive actions will be supported either by the courts or by civil service commissions. A straw in the wind is the case of *Flaherty v. Marsh*, a suit carried through the New York state courts in 1945 to test a veteran's rights under a New York City Civil Service Commission preference rule. The court held that "The statute and rules of the Commission should be liberally construed in favor of veterans to give full force and effect to the manifest legislative intent to prefer veterans in promotional examinations for honorable service in the armed forces during times of war. That should be and is the public policy of this state."

Elective judges know which side their political bread is buttered on. So do civil service commissions, who get their jobs direct from an elective president, governor or legislature. A fairly diligent search on the part of

this writer could not unearth one current civil service administrator who would say a word, for publication, on what is wrong with veterans' preference. But those who need not stand uncovered in the hot glare of politics are willing enough to talk on the record.

Samuel H. Ordway, Jr., for example, is a veteran, an ex-member of the United States Civil Service Commission and also of the New York City commission. He stated that "As time goes on, and the number of misfits, failures and dismissed veterans increases in proportion to the number of veteran applicants, the civil service will become waterlogged with the old and decrepit, while young blood will still have small chance of selection. The administration of government in the United States will deteriorate."

V

The prognosis, while gloomy, is far from hopeless. The American public service, having survived the cankerous spoils system of its early history, will certainly outlive the far less virulent infusion of men who — when all is said and done — *did* fight and almost die for their country. Among the veterans of World War II are as many competents and incompetents, as many geniuses and morons, as in the non-veteran population. Indeed, the proportion of competents and geniuses may even be higher among the carefully selected ex-servicemen than among the civilian population.

For the next five years, while the supply of job-seeking veterans remains ample, the chief problem is to make sure that the public service gets more of the able than the unable. Beyond 1950, the problem will be to temper patriotic gratitude to the nation's fighters with a realistic appreciation of the fact that five years ought to be enough time for any ex-GI to have readjusted himself sufficiently to compete for jobs on equal terms with anyone else.

To meet the immediate problem of recruiting the best veterans available, some forward-looking civil service administrators are deliberately shouting their vocational wares from the rooftops. California, which has one of the best merit systems in the country, is meeting its legislature's ten-to-fifteen-point generosity to veterans with a thoroughgoing veterans recruiting program. Six veterans-service officers do nothing but seek out qualified ex-servicemen for state jobs. They are using the radio, the newspapers, public forums and other advertising media to bring veterans into their hiring halls. They figure that the more veterans they get now, the more chance they have of hiring the best.

California is also going all-out on on-the-job training. Should the extra ten or fifteen points bring the less precious metals to the top of the civil service heap, they hope nevertheless to refine the dross into something approaching gold. Benjamin E. Mallary, member of the State Personnel Board, declares that "There's nothing

wrong with the veteran that good management can't solve."

New York is one state which recognizes that a five-year handicap is probably long enough to permit a war-retarded veteran to catch up on his career. Constitutional changes, effective on January 1, 1946, give new preference to non-disabled veterans — but specifies that it shall lapse after five years. The city of St. Louis is another that recognizes a five-year limit on veterans' preference.

In the Federal service and in many state and city services, all new government appointees must serve a six months or one year probationary period, during which the new employee may be dismissed without too much red tape if he does not prove satisfactory. If conscientious supervisors exercised this firing right with equal vigilance against veterans and non-veterans alike — in the past it has seldom been used against anybody — it could weed out the incompetent.

Another way of improving the quality of the public service is to set high initial standards for all comers. If the requirements for admission to a civil service examination are stiff enough, the chances are that it would be safe to appoint practically anyone who emerges successfully from the test. Should the top man lose out because the bottom man happened to be in the right age group to go to war, it would still be unfair, perhaps, to the top man, but at least it would not be unfair to the administration of government in the United States.

MOBILE

BY OWEN P. WHITE

MOBILE was born of a lie. Not an ordinary lie, such as might have been cooked up by a congressman, but an artistic, spacious bit of prevarication which, rolled trippingly from the tongue of a genius, altered the fate of this continent. Without it the English would have owned Louisiana. It happened in this fashion:

In 1699, after having navigated the Mississippi as far north as Natchez, Jean Baptiste le Moyne, Sieur de Bienville, in command of two small French vessels, was coming back down the stream when he met a British fleet going up it. It was a time for decision. The lower reaches of the great river would belong to the country which first settled them and so, although there were not half a dozen Frenchmen in the entire region, Bienville won the prize for his country by telling the British commander that the territory above was already full of them. And then he added, by way of a further draft on his imagination, that only a few leagues upstream the French had built a strong fort, that it

was heavily armed, and that, although it devastated him to say so, he doubted that the English vessels could pass under its guns without getting blown to hell out of the water.

The lie worked. On his chart, to mark the spot where he told it, Bienville wrote, "The British Turn" . . . many river charts bear that marking to this day . . . and thereafter he and his jolly followers wandered whither they listed in their search for a place to settle. They first tried the site of what is now Biloxi but found it no good. The soil there was "so poor they couldn't even raise garlic in it," and as the Indian girls also were unresponsive to cultivation, the French were soon out looking for another location. They easily found one. Sailing around Massacre Island, which they so named because of the immense piles of human bones they found upon it, crossing the bay behind it, and then going just a few leagues up a wide and noble river that came in from the northeast, they began to suspect that they had discovered Paradise. When they went ashore they

OWEN P. WHITE has been a contributor to THE AMERICAN MERCURY since 1924, writing for the most part on the South and his native Texas. He was for many years an associate editor of Collier's and has published seven books.

found that the forest was magnificent; the soil was fertile; game and fish were abundant; the climate was caressing, as were the girls of the Maubila Indians. The Frenchmen were immediately convinced that here indeed was the place of their dreams.

Unlike the Spaniards, who believed in civilizing and Christianizing the Indians with Bibles, bullets and bull whips, the French, who cared no more for the souls of the savages than they did for their own, believed in fraternizing with them. It was even thrifty to do so; Bienville discovered at the end of the first week that he didn't have to provide either quarters or rations for his men, most of whom had already become permanent house guests in the homes of their Mobile girl friends. Consequently the only thing the young commander had to attend to was the building of a fort: Fort Louis de Mobile, over which, to show that it was the capital of the huge province of Louisiana, he raised the white silken flag with the golden lilies on it.

Bienville then relaxed and settled down with his men to the pleasant task of leading a complete life. According to the later writings of envious English missionaries, it was a sensuous, indolent existence from which nothing save evil could possibly emerge. The Frenchmen had a different notion about it. To them it was a lazy, luxurious, aristocratic, habit-forming way of life that deserved to be, and has been, passed on forever and ever unto all people so fortunate as to

become *habitants* of the town of Mobile. So for the purpose, first, of perpetuating his aristocracy, and second, of relieving it of the necessity for ever having to do any hard work, Bienville made two requests of his king: one was for French girls, the other for African slaves. Both were granted.

In the summer of 1704, on an eventful day on which the seeds of many great genealogical trees were planted, the good ship *Pélican* tied up at the Mobile dock. Aboard were twenty-three beautiful *demoiselles*, twenty-two of whom went direct from the boat to the altar. But the twenty-third, Katherine Tournaut, the wittiest, the wickedest and the prettiest, didn't. Avoiding the encumbrances of matrimony, she opened a boarding house, and with bachelor Bienville as her star boarder, made such a name for herself that two centuries later she suddenly reappeared in this world as the shining star in a very popular and very naughty musical comedy.

Time drifted on lazily. According to the church record, wholly unreliable because the little halfbreeds born to the Mobilian maidens were never entered upon it, the population of Mobile increased steadily at the rate of twenty-two head a year until 1711. In that year a flood came to Mobile. The little town was yanked up and floated down the river to a new location a few miles away, where Bienville, assisted by a gifted engineer named Paillou, at once laid out the present city of Mobile.

The new Mobile was small but definitely a city of tone. Here, along Government and Royal Streets, twenty-eight aristocratic families — six new ones, you see, having dodged the historians and slipped in somewhere — lived contented, carefree lives until the arrival of a new governor in 1713. His name was Cadillac, he had already founded the intolerable city of Detroit, and instinctively the Mobile social queens decided that they would not ask him to dinner. How could they after he forbade the gentlemen of the town to wear swords, complained that they had not partaken of the Holy Sacrament for eight years, and even had the gall to suggest that they get up before noon and work until after dark to provide revenue for the king?

Having little regard for the king and less for the king's revenue, the Mobilians rejoiced greatly when word came, in 1717, that there had been an explosion in France, that John Law of Mississippi Bubble fame had come into power, that Cadillac had been fired and Bienville again named as governor. There still remained one bar to their complete happiness: Mobile was still the capital of Louisiana, and that meant that the representative of the crown would perforce still live among them and perhaps cramp their style. So the aristocrats put on a really fine celebration when Bienville announced in 1722 that he was moving his seat of government to a little shack town called New Orleans which he had

established in the mudflats on the bank of the Mississippi.

So time drifted by, almost a century of it, during which the Mobile aristocrats lived under three flags, French, Spanish and English, and managed not only to perpetuate their luxurious way of life but actually to get rich at it. But not by hard work. No matter what government they were under, they prospered without endangering their status as ladies of fashion and gentlemen of leisure.

Under John Law's land scheme they had taken up almost all of the back country of Alabama. They worked their land with their own slaves, floated its products down their own rivers on their own flatboats, and from their own harbor carried on commerce with the world. That most of it was a contraband commerce was of no significance. The Mobilians knew, of course, that they were supposed to trade only with their mother country, but smuggling was, as it always has been, a patrician pastime and they went to it gaily. Besides, they had to preserve their status. As their prosperity increased so did their need for luxuries. In the beginning homespun for the ladies and homebrew for the gentlemen had been sufficient. But now they were not.

II

The Mobilians, who were urban rather than rural in their tastes, became a people unto themselves. Unlike the Virginia aristocrats, who built

their handsome homes on widely separated plantations and hence had to travel many miles to attend a party, the Mobilians built their residences in town where they could have a ball, a rout, or even a riot every night if they wanted to. By 1813, when the ease-loving descendants of the *Pélican* girls were coming into the third and fourth generations, Mobile was socially the gayest town on the continent and the home of the best-dressed and best-looking women. Looking at these women, however, was a privilege reserved only for men who could show the proper blood lines.

At the end of the War of 1812, General James Wilkinson pounded lustily on Mobile's gates to demand admission to the city. He was admitted in three languages, and in all of them was asked with sarcastic courtesy what he wanted. He really didn't know, nor did any one else. In fact, even to this day no one has solved the riddle of President Madison's order to the Commander-in-Chief of the American Army to "reduce Mobile." Nevertheless it was reduced to American ownership.

What happened then? Precisely nothing. Changes in sovereigns were no novelty to the Mobilians. With a disdainful shrug of their shoulders, they told General Wilkinson to go ahead and do anything he pleased with the government, but that neither he nor any other hired hand of a silly country which held that all men were created equal could or would mingle with them socially or have

anything whatever to do with the manner in which they chose to live their own private lives. They meant that, and as they looked upon all political representatives of the United States as poor white trash, they made it stick.

There was, however, one thing that came to the aristocrats under the new régime to which they were not at all allergic. That was cash. For genealogical trees cash is a fine fertilizer; there is none better. As the years slipped by and large gobs of new money from the cotton, timber, turpentine, furs and livestock of their back country began to pour in upon them, the exclusive Mobilians settled down to the pleasant task of spending it. They did it handsomely. They built bigger, finer and happier homes for themselves and their children; they surrounded them with beautiful gardens; they furnished them exquisitely and expensively with smuggled furnishings; they stocked their cellars with smuggled wines, whiskies and brandies; and they continued, of course, to till their soil with the aid of smuggled Negroes.

Life within Mobile's closed and cultured circle was already by tradition gay, happy and relaxed when word was received that a real, *bona fide* aristocrat was about to pay them a visit. The ladies fluttered and shook out their best point-lace gowns, and the gentlemen looked for rents in their gayest pairs of satin pants, for the visitor was none other than His Excellency, Marie Joseph Paul Yves

Roch Gilbert du Motier, Marquis de Lafayette. He arrived on the morning of April 5, 1825 and Mobile is still talking about it. It is also still proud of what he said of its women. The women of Mobile, said the Marquis, were the loveliest, the most intelligent and the most attractive of any in America.

He knew what he was talking about. Everywhere he went they insisted on kissing him; he, too, insisted on it. On his second night in the town, unfortunately a rainy one, came the grand ball and reception in his honor. It was a magnificent affair held in the old hotel at the corner of Royal and Saint Michael Streets. The aristocrats like to tell what happened at an uncertain hour in the morning, when the festivities were at their height. A certain prominent aristocrat of the inner circle quietly left the ballroom, mounted the stairs to the door of his own apartment on the second floor, opened it and announced himself. (Did he say, I wonder, "Lafayette, I am here"?)

Lafayette's response was immediate. He jumped through the window, landed in the mud in Saint Michael Street, and, as a souvenir of the occasion, left a considerable portion of his velvet wardrobe behind him. In the diary of the Mobile aristocrat, as convincing proof that he was a perfect gentleman, a man of good manners, there appears this entry: "Someone yelled fire, the Marquis jumped through the window, while my poor wife was so upset by it all that she was

unable to sleep the rest of the night."

A few years later came another night during which nobody was able to sleep. On New Year's Eve, 1830, a group of the town's gayest young blades set out to take a stroll. They were headed by Mr. Michael Kraft, who had only one eye but was otherwise all there, and had first duly kalsomined their innards at Antoine LaTourette's café at the corner of Water and Conti Streets. At Commerce and Saint Francis they stopped in front of Partridge's hardware store and gazed entranced at a display of cowbells and garden rakes in the window.

Inspiration seized Mr. Kraft. In went the window and a few moments later the most élite of Mobile's male élite were making their way along Royal and Government Streets shaking cowbells, dragging garden rakes against wrought iron fences and in a general way kicking up an insane hullabaloo. Eventually, having aroused the entire city, the parade of the blades wound up at the home of the mayor who invited them all in, rekalsomined them a few times and then vociferously applauded the suggestion that a permanent organization to be known as the Cowbellion-DuRakin Society, whose mission it should be to make *merriment official*, be at once perfected. With the aid of more kalsomine it was perfected and thus, in Mobile, at sunrise on January 1, 1830, the idea of the Mardi Gras which has made New Orleans internationally famous was born. It had

noisily celebrated its twenty-seventh birthday before the town over in the mud flats so much as thought of having a carnival. And when it did think of it, in 1857, it didn't dare proceed with its plans until it had invited a committee of really experienced hell-raisers from Mobile to come over and instruct it in the art of misbehaving.

III

Obviously, as it takes prosperity to promote gayety, Mobile continued to prosper. As always, it was a refined prosperity: one that produced wealth without toil on the part of the aristocrats. Slaves did the work; gorgeous river steamers that plied the waters of the Tombigbee, the Warrior, and the Alabama Rivers brought in the produce for oceangoing vessels to carry away quickly. All that Mobile had to do was mix its toddies and juleps in the shade of its magnificent live-oaks, loaf in its coffee-houses, fight its duels, attend its parties and collect its income.

These things it did very gracefully. It built a couple of theatres; it founded a fine medical school and a fine academy; it organized literary and music clubs, with blood as the test for those who applied for membership in them. But throughout all this period of cultural progress the fear of disaster was constantly overhanging the aristocrats. In 1839 it struck: the yellow fever.

In a few months it carried away

almost a third of the population of the city. Then, on October 7, with the gruesome task of the burial of the dead yet uncompleted, a fire that rendered a thousand people homeless swept through the residential part of the town. Two nights later another fire, one that started in several places at once on Dauphin and Royal Streets, practically wiped out the business section.

Mobile rebuilt itself with bigger and finer structures, and was soon moving along as lazily, luxuriously and merrily as before. But now there was a taint in the atmosphere: a smoky taint, the taint of suspicion. At the time of the second fire many people had said that it was of incendiary origin. The suspicion had almost completely disappeared when, twenty-seven years later, it was revived.

In Perry County, Mississippi, one Mr. James Copeland, formerly of Mobile, who was about to be hanged for murder, felt that to clear his conscience he should make a confession of his crimes. He did so in a long document which he handed to the sheriff on his way to the scaffold. It appeared that Mr. Copeland and a fellow worker named Wages had been at the head of a gang whose membership roll, given in full in the confession, contained many names which were well known in Mobile society. The principal business of this gang had been slave-stealing. Murder, arson, robbery and counterfeiting, however, if there was money in them, were never

sneezed at. Consequently, according to Copeland's dying statement, it was his gang that had set fire to Mobile. Everything had been carefully prepared. The night watchmen had been fixed, wagons were in readiness to haul the loot away, flatboats to carry it still farther away were moored in Dog River, and so at a set moment all the town's leading stores had been broken into, robbed of their choicest merchandise, and then, to cover the crime, put to the torch.

Having hanged Mr. Copeland on October 30, 1857, the Mississippi sheriff immediately made his confession public. The result can be imagined. Mobile squirmed, squealed and swore, and then, because it did not intend to have the most tenderly cultivated family trees in America suddenly appear to have produced an assorted crop of murderers, slave stealers, robbers, arsonists and counterfeiters, Mobile went into action. Its citizens waited until the dark of the moon, sneaked over into Perry County, kidnapped the sheriff, brought him back, tried him for criminal libel in their own court and locked him up in their own jail. But not for long enough.

At the end of a year the sheriff was released, whereupon the villain went right back to Perry County, dug up the confession and printed it as a pamphlet which he put on the market at a dollar a copy. The first edition was an instant sell-out. Mobile bought it all, at the full retail price, and burned it. Then two years later, Mobile had

to buy up every copy of a second edition and destroy it. When the sheriff died he left the "Confessions of James Copeland" to his heirs who, in 1909, got out a third edition which was gobbled up as fast as it came off the press by the same customers at the same price.

Try and get a copy of that book in Mobile today. It's as rare as the Gutenberg Bible. By conniving with an aristocrat who knew another aristocrat who actually knew the names of yet other aristocrats who are present-day beneficiaries of three hogsheds of cash buried by the Copeland gang, I once managed to get my hands on a copy. It was really choice reading and it was with deep regret that I returned it to its owner who locked it up in his safe again and swore me to secrecy.

IV

As regards Mobile's Civil War record, which we have almost skipped in our desire to preserve for it the purity of its family tree, we need say only this: Mobile's aristocrats probably had a greater financial interest in the outcome of the conflict than any other group in the South. They owned huge areas of rich farm and timber land and a great many slaves. The slaves, in fact, were worth as much as the land itself, so that it was quite clear that if the North won the war half of Mobile's wealth would be instantly wiped out. The record doesn't show that this thought worried the aristocrats much. High

spirited people do not worry about the financial outcome of wars.

They kept their port open and ran the Federal blockade during most of the conflict. At the same time they defended the town with their own men so adequately that not a single damyankee set foot in it until more than a week after General Lee had surrendered at Appomatox. No other sizable city in the South could equal that record, so when it was all over Mobile felt that it was still superior and still at liberty to slam its gates in the face of anybody whose gentility was not up to its own standards.

V

Although this writer hasn't been there since before World War II, he knows that Mobile owes its charm, its wealth, its bewildering beauty and its glorious self-respect to the disdainful manner in which it has repulsed promoters who would turn it into a modern, typical American city. The thought of such a fate terrifies the aristocrats. As they look first at Florida and then at New Orleans they can imagine what would happen. They can see their town built up with huge hotels, flooded with tourists, inundated by racketeers, and swamped by black-money social climbers who love to have their pictures in scanty bathing suits appear in the Sunday supplements.

Mobile comes out of that bad dream in a sweat of fear, turns and looks at its own handsome homes, many of

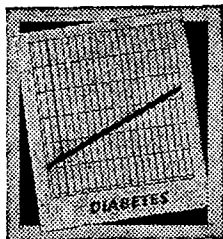
them more than a century old, and completely closes its mind to the plebeian thought that the thing to do with its money is to use it to make more money. The prevailing thought is to use money to make Mobile more beautiful, and hence a happier place to live in. That is why one of the town's wealthiest citizens has decided to use his cash in the creation of 110 acres of garden. And what a garden!

There are other gardens, of course, which cost more money, and which contain larger fountains, and rarer plants, and more bird baths, and more marble benches, and more undraped statues. But nowhere — I am sure of this because God landscaped this garden — is there a garden that so overwhelms you with the simplicity of its beauty, restores your soul to you, brings you peace, and causes you as you walk through it to talk in whispers just as you would if you were traversing the corridors of some mighty cathedral.

And that's Mobile. It's unlike any other town in the United States. "In Boston," said the Reverend William Henry Milburn, for so many years the blind chaplain of Congress, "the test is how much do you know. In New York it is how much money have you got; in Washington, how many votes do you control; in Chicago, how many hogs did you kill; in Baltimore, how's your digestion; in New Orleans, how much cotton can you sell; while in Mobile all that is asked is, are you a man of good manners."

Can you answer these questions about **DIABETES?**

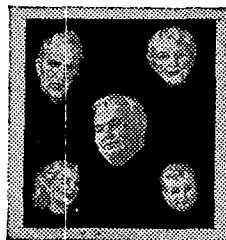
Q. Is diabetes increasing or decreasing?



A. If present trends continue, the number of diabetics in this country will increase by 18% from 1940 to 1950, largely because more people live to reach middle and old age. Fortunately, doctors today can help control the disease; in fact, nearly all diabetics aided by modern medical science can lead full, active lives. Since the discovery of insulin, the average length of life of diabetics has increased greatly.

Q. Which people are most likely to get diabetes?

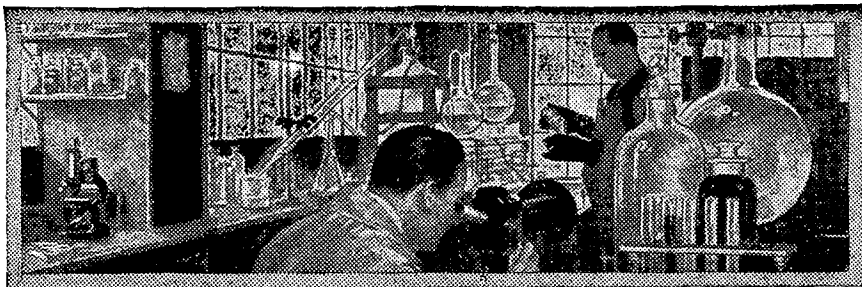
A. Those who are overweight, those who are between the ages of 40 and 60 (especially if they are stout), and those who have a diabetic in the immediate family.



Q. Does diabetes have warning symptoms?



A. There are usually no symptoms in early diabetes, but it can be detected by the presence of sugar in the urine. Periodic health examinations, including urinalysis, are the most effective way of discovering the disease early, when it is easiest to control. Once the disease has developed, definite symptoms appear, such as constant hunger, excessive thirst, loss of weight, and continual fatigue.



Q. What studies hold great hope for the future?

A. Medical science knows more about diabetes than ever before, and constant research on new types and more effective combinations of insulin is being carried on. A chemical compound, alloxan, which can produce experimental diabetes in animals, has provided a new means for studying the disease. Further hope for progress lies in new discoveries about the utilization of sugar in the body.



How can medical science help the average diabetic?

Diet, insulin, and exercise are the major factors in controlling diabetes. Successful treatment depends upon the closest co-operation between doctor and patient in keeping these factors in proper balance.

The physician determines whether the patient needs insulin and how much, as well as the amount and kinds of food that best meet his needs. The patient learns how to live with the disease, and conscientiously follows the doctor's instructions—thus guarding against complications that affect the arteries, heart, kidneys, and eyes.

Even with diabetes, it is usually

possible to enjoy a nearly normal life. For more detailed information about the disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet 126-L, entitled "Diabetes."

COPYRIGHT 1946—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.



TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

IMPROVED INFLUENZA VACCINES

By JOSEPH D. WASSERSUG, M.D.

TO PERSONS in their late teens and early twenties the word "influenza" carries none of the frightening connotations that it does to their elders. For young people it is "just another disease," but for those who remember the epidemic that followed World War I, there is hardly an illness that compares with it in suddenness, fury of attack or terrible mortality.

A little more than a year has elapsed since the conclusion of hostilities in World War II and still there is no sign of a worldwide influenza epidemic.

But no less an authoritative source than the Commission on Acute Respiratory Diseases of the United States Army has published evidence that influenza may strike again — and soon. Although its statistical studies do not "make possible the exact prediction of future epidemics but rather indicate the probability of occurrences of epidemics within certain time limits," the Commission nevertheless believes that the chances are a little less than two to one that influenza A will reappear during

the winter of 1945-1946. And: "If it fails to occur in this season, the probability is even greater that it will appear in the following winter." This year, then, is the time to guard against a possible outbreak. This year, for the first time, plans can be made to meet an epidemic in advance. Scientific research conducted during the war has provided doctors with potent (though not perfect) vaccines which will confer some degree of immunity on most persons shortly after injection. It is on these vaccines that doctors will have to place their greatest reliance.

II

Just what is influenza? What does science know about it? And what can be done to guard against it?

In the first place, influenza is a highly contagious disease capable of spreading with great rapidity. This contagiousness and rapidity of spread account for its epidemic nature. (Most authorities prefer to use the term "pandemic" to describe the more serious and widespread form of the

JOSEPH D. WASSERSUG, M.D., is a frequent writer on medical subjects for THE AMERICAN MERCURY. He is on the faculty of Tufts Medical School.

disease.) Although it is probable that such pandemics have swept the world from time immemorial, the first recorded wave of the disease actually occurred in 1510. Since then there have been at least eight additional major epidemics — in 1580, 1730, 1780, 1830, 1836, 1847, 1890 and 1918. It is on the basis of an analysis of the periodicity of these and other attacks that investigators can predict with reasonable certainty when the next epidemic will strike.

Because of the highly contagious character of influenza, it was for a long time suspected that the disease was due to an infectious organism, a germ or microbe of some sort. In the epidemic of 1890 — when bacteriology was still in its infancy and viruses were practically unknown — a German bacteriologist named Pfeiffer, who succeeded in culturing a tiny bacillus from many cases of influenza, concluded that this microbe was the true cause of the disease. It was an elusive microbe, difficult to culture and grow by ordinary methods, but other investigators confirmed many of Pfeiffer's results and for a long while it was generally accepted that infection with the so-called Pfeiffer bacillus caused influenza.

But later research brought doubts. In not a few instances the germ was discovered in the nose and throat of supposedly normal, healthy persons; also, it was not always possible to recover the Pfeiffer bacillus from cases of influenza. Nevertheless, when the epidemic of 1918 attacked, scientists

were still not ready to look for other causes; attention was still centered on the Pfeiffer bacillus.

"The 1918 pandemic of influenza," says Dr. Richard E. Shope, Rockefeller Institute scientist, "was without doubt the most catastrophic outbreak of infectious disease of modern times." It is estimated that more than 100 million persons were stricken; 21 million died. The first wave, a relatively mild outbreak, struck in the spring of 1918 and seemed to be centered in Spain. About the same time cases were discovered among American, British and French troops in France. In England the first wave occurred in June; about the same time, more epidemic cases were reported in Japan and China. All at once, in the Orient, in America and in England, the disease was on the loose.

The second wave, which was more deadly by far, struck simultaneously in almost every corner of the world. In Europe and in the United States it came with all its fury during the last week in August; by the first week in October there was hardly a spot on the earth that had not been visited by the great plague. In this country the pandemic reached its height between October 12 and October 25, and then it slowly subsided. How violent the epidemic was in some communities has been vividly related by Dr. Wilson G. Smillie of New York, who at that time was residing in a tropical city:

Those of you who have experienced influenza, the pandemic influenza in this coun-

try, have no conception of what pandemic influenza means in a tropical or in an isolated community. It sweeps the whole population before it, and the city in which we lived became a city of the dead. Not a wheel turned, not a factory ran, not a physician was on his feet. The place was devastated. It was like the story of the Great Plague, and all that one could hear would be an occasional wagon going by in the street with the old bell and the man shouting, "Bring out your dead!"

Experiments conducted late in 1918 by the United States Navy and the United States Public Health Service endeavored to prove that the disease was infectious in nature and communicable from person to person. In Boston, for example, sixty-two volunteers deliberately were exposed by contact with stricken persons; they even had throat washings of patients sprayed into their own noses and throats. These experiments ended in failure: only one of the volunteers developed symptoms that remotely resembled influenza; nothing like influenza developed in any of the others.

In a similar set of experiments in San Francisco, fifty volunteers were tested with negative results. It is possible that the volunteers selected had already acquired some immunity to the disease, since the tests were conducted late in the course of the epidemic.

As a matter of fact, there is considerable evidence to indicate that those who were stricken in the mild first wave had relatively great protection against the more virulent wave that followed later.

III

After the pandemic of 1918 researchers began to turn from the theory that the Pfeiffer bacillus was the cause of influenza. In 1928 they were strengthened in their conviction by the studies of Dr. Paul Lewis and Dr. Richard E. Shope on a peculiar epizootic (as an epidemic among animals is called) of influenza among swine. Their researches at first led them to believe that it was a bacillus, like the Pfeiffer bacillus, that caused the disease. After more investigation they found that the bacillus itself was powerless to cause influenza, but when it was administered along with a certain virus, the animals could be regularly infected. It was therefore thought that a virus plus a microbe might be the cause of human influenza.

It was soon proved, however, that a virus alone could cause the disease in humans. Credit for this fundamental discovery goes to a group of British investigators — Drs. W. Smith, C. H. Andrewes and P. P. Laidlaw. They ingeniously infected a ferret by injecting into its nostrils a bacteria-free suspension of throat washings obtained from cases of influenza in man. Once infected with human throat washings, the ferrets could be made to pass the disease to each other. Thus it became possible for the first time to reproduce human influenza in experimental animals. Within a short while thereafter it was also found that the ferret disease could be used to infect white

laboratory mice. At this point research had at last reached a sound basis.

Tests with a virus obtained from infected lung tissue of mice and ferrets were soon carried out upon human volunteers. These proved that the virus could not only be recovered from stricken cases, but could also be used to infect healthy volunteers. So it has been established fairly certainly that it is a virus and nothing else that causes influenza. Other germs, such as the Pfeiffer bacillus, are only "secondary" invaders; they may contribute to the severity of the infection but they do not cause it.

Since ferrets are expensive little beasts, and injecting influenza fluid into their nostrils is no simple matter, scientists began searching for a simple method to study the disease experimentally. A tremendous advance was made when an Australian researcher, Dr. F. M. Burnet, and his colleagues demonstrated that the virus could readily be made to grow within the tissues of a chick embryo simply by injecting it into a hen's egg. Further investigations in Australia and this country soon disclosed that even filtrations could be dispensed with; all that was necessary to recover the virus in suspected cases was to inject throat washings directly into the egg. These discoveries have simplified tremendously the ease with which an accurate diagnosis of influenza can be made. As will be pointed out later, these technics using the hen's egg for diagnosis also led the way to the development of relatively simple methods for

the large-scale production of vaccines.

Until 1940 it was believed that there was only one type of influenza and that it was caused by a single, specific virus. Yet there were a few facts that were hard to explain on the basis of this theory of single causation. In 1936 an epidemic of respiratory disease was recognized in California, one which had all the marks of influenza. But the most careful bacteriological studies failed to recover the usual virus. Again, in 1940, another epidemic in southeastern United States was clinically diagnosed as influenza, though the typical virus was missing. Shortly thereafter the disease made its appearance in New York, where additional tests were made, as a result of which it was conclusively shown that these epidemics were caused by influenza, but of a different variety. This was called influenza B; the earlier epidemics became known as influenza A.

Subsequent investigations disclosed that influenza B was worldwide in distribution although it was probably less dangerous than influenza A. Statistical analysis of the incidence of the disease by members of the Commission on Acute Respiratory Diseases indicates that B comes in cycles of four to six years, whereas A appears to have a two-to-three year cycle. Another point of considerable practical importance is that infection with B does not confer an immunity against A, since the two diseases are immunologically distinct. Real vaccine protection against influenza must

therefore contain both types of virus.

To what extent additional viruses may also be involved is not known for certain. Clinically the two forms of influenza behave exactly alike; it is possible to differentiate between them only on the basis of laboratory tests. Complicated animal inoculation tests for the recovery of viruses from stricken persons have been replaced in recent years by the far more convenient method of "culturing" in chick embryos. Recently, by means of electron microscopy, the guilty viruses have actually been photographed, showing up as spheres or as slightly elongated forms, among the smallest of living things. In spite of their infinitesimal size, their lethal potentialities are tremendous.

IV

An attack of influenza begins very much like any other respiratory infection. The onset is usually sudden, and the patient complains of chilly sensations and stuffiness or catarrh in head and nose. Even in the milder and uncomplicated forms of the disease there is considerable prostration, headache and aching feelings in almost every bone of the body. Temperature shoots upward, ranging anywhere from 102° to 106° F. The patient appears listless, his face is flushed, his eyes hot and reddened. Later he may develop a dry, hacking cough, and may complain of soreness behind the breastbone. After two to four days, if the course of the disease is

favorable, the cough starts to "loosen up" and the temperature starts a quick drop down to normal. Convalescence may be drawn out for some time while the patient recovers strength.

In more serious and pandemic forms of the disease the course of the illness may be so violent that the patient will die within twenty-four to forty-eight hours. In these cases the victims succumb to a virulent hemorrhagic pneumonia of the lungs that strikes almost at the onset of the disease. Great difficulty in breathing marks these cases; their faces may appear livid and choked, and their sputum may be red with blood. It is this form of the disease that is especially dreaded.

Scientists have learned much about influenza from tests conducted on human volunteers. Early in the war, the Army was concerned about the possibility of an influenza epidemic, and initiated several intensive programs to determine how it spread and how to fight it. At one camp for conscientious objectors in Michigan, 79 volunteers were divided into three groups. One group inhaled (unknowingly) a spray of plain salt water and then a spray of active influenza A virus. A second group received a spray of human serum and then the active virus. The third group received the serum, after which their throats were sprayed with virus that had been exposed to ultraviolet rays. Within 18 to 24 hours all 53 men in the first two groups had influenza, with all the

typical symptoms of chilliness, cough and prostration, though all of them recovered within two to four days without complications.

These tests (and many others like them) showed that serum was hardly an effective antidote for the disease; they also demonstrated the infectious potentialities of the virus. It was shown, furthermore, that ultraviolet irradiation could destroy the virus or in some way render it non-infectious. By tests at other camps it was found that vaccination with the virus offered soldiers a far better chance at immunity than other measures such as inhalation of serum, and that subcutaneous inoculation of vaccine provided immunity that was as good as that obtained by inhalation of vaccine. It was therefore thought that mass testing with a vaccine from influenza A and B might be worthwhile.

It is still not a simple task to convert living influenza virus into a vaccine that can safely be used for immunization purposes. At first, experimental vaccines were prepared from infected ferret or mouse lung tissue. Later, minced chick embryos were used, but such preparations were costly and not very potent. In 1941 Dr. G. K. Hirst of the Rockefeller Institute devised a method of concentrating the virus by means of chick red blood cells and so provided the technique most often used today. Other methods of concentrating the virus use special chemicals or ultrahigh-speed centrifuges. Three to six eggs are needed to provide enough

vaccine for one person. Formaldehyde is used to kill or inactivate the virus and then tests are carried out on the finished product to make certain that it is both effective and safe.

Although there has been no major epidemic of influenza since the development of a concentrated vaccine, there have been enough minor epidemics during the past five years to make possible reasonably adequate testing. Late in 1941 an epidemic of influenza struck a group of 826 hospital employees, 415 of whom had been vaccinated. Of the 77 identified influenza cases in this group, 32 occurred in vaccinated persons, 45 in non-vaccinated. In another epidemic which occurred about the same time, 10.7 per cent of the non-vaccinated developed influenza, whereas only 6.8 per cent of the vaccinated were afflicted. In practically all of the early tests with influenza virus vaccine it appeared that the incidence of the disease was approximately 50 per cent less among the vaccinated than among the non-vaccinated.

Since these tests demonstrated that vaccination was "capable of furnishing definite protection," the Army undertook in the autumn of 1943 to carry out a "controlled clinical trial of the prophylactic efficacy against epidemic influenza of a concentrated, inactivated vaccine containing the viruses of influenza types A and B." Approximately 12,500 soldiers were involved in this unparalleled study in mass immunization against influenza. To make the test scientifically accu-

rate the men in each unit were divided into two groups, one of which received the vaccine and the other a "control" injection. After vaccination was completed the records containing this information were removed to other quarters, "so that on subsequent visits the observer had no information as to whether a patient belonged to the vaccinated or the control group."

When the results were finally evaluated it was found that the incidence of influenza in the vaccinated group was 2.2 per cent whereas in the control group it was 7.1 per cent. Throughout the country, in almost all localities, the figures for each unit were about the same. In most units three to four times as many cases occurred among the controls as among the vaccinated. "From the combined results of the study in all units," says Dr. Thomas Francis, Jr., who directed the program, "it would appear that vaccination was effective in reducing the incidence to about one-fourth, assuming that the incidence of 7.1 per cent in the control group was the expected incidence in the normal population." On the basis of these results the Army has felt it wise to launch an even more extensive immunization program among its personnel.

V

Are we prepared to withstand influenza? The answer must be given as a hesitant affirmative. The vaccines that are available today are good, but

they are by no means perfect. They do provide protection, but they do not protect every person who is vaccinated. Nevertheless, even if a portion of the population is protected, wildfire spread of a major pandemic may be prevented.

One serious drawback to the use of the vaccine is that the immunity it confers is not very lasting. It must therefore be given shortly before an epidemic strikes (or very early in the course of an epidemic) if optimum results are to be obtained. It cannot be administered to the entire population, like smallpox vaccination, with the expectation that it will give the recipient a lasting immunity. Timing thus becomes an important element in the immunization program. Fortunately, recent experiments indicate that the vaccine can be stored on ice for at least a year without losing its immunizing properties. This is an unexpected asset, for it enables manufacturers and physicians to accumulate stockpiles of the vaccine.

In discussing the influenza problem a few years ago, Dr. Wilson G. Smillie of Cornell University Medical College pointed out that "The only real hope, obviously, would be the building up and development of an immune population." The prompt use of influenza virus vaccine in the late fall or winter or at the very onset of an epidemic seems to provide at least a partial means of acquiring this immunity. For the present, as Dr. Smillie puts it, "we are ready to attack influenza intelligently when it comes."

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

O'Neill: A Critical Summation

EUGENE O'NEILL is the only dramatist in the history of the American theatre who has achieved real world status. His plays have been produced in most of the civilized countries of the globe; he has been awarded the Nobel prize for the body of his work; he has been the subject of critical discussion in England, Germany, France, Italy, Greece, Russia, the Scandinavian lands, the Balkans, Australia and China. Almost as much has been written about him as about one-half all the living playwrights rolled together. Only Shaw has consumed more space.

In the United States, France, Italy, Russia, the Scandinavian countries, Rumania, Greece, Australia and China, the critical attitude toward him in the main has been extremely favorable. In Germany, when criticism was operating freely, it was, with a few exceptions, highly appreciative. In England alone has there most often been either a lukewarm or chilly attitude toward him.

Here in America his pre-eminence as the first dramatist of his nation is taken by the great majority of the critics for granted. Now and again a small voice from the sidelines lifts itself in contradiction and puts in

some peculiar nomination for the honor, but in the aggregate his position is unchallenged. In France, where his plays have had their chief hearing at the hands of Pitoëff, all save one or two of the recognized critics have been impressed. In Russia, praise of him has been pretty uniform, and understandably, since his dramatic philosophy and usual attitude toward his subject matter find a sympathetic echo in the Slav temperament. In Italy, those of his plays that have been shown have fared well at most critical hands; his *Days without End*, which strikes a Catholic note, has received the Church's imprimatur and has been produced under the auspices of the Vatican. Sweden has acclaimed him, and so has the theatre of Norway. Various of his plays have proved successes, both popular and critical, in Rumania, and Hungary, though to a lesser degree, has received him with hospitality. German critics, save in the few instances noted, have in the past treated him with respect, and in China the younger element, which alone is interested dramatically in the outside world, regards him, along with Shaw, as the most important of the Western playwrights.

On the other hand, though he has

intermittently been accepted in England and even treated with considerable esteem by men of letters like Spender, *et al.*, the general run of drama criticism has frequently shown misgivings about him. In some cases, indeed, the misgivings have been accompanied by lofty derision.

For an example of the English attitude, we may turn to Eric Bentley and his recent observations in *The Playwright as Thinker*. I quote four typical samples:

1. Among the untragic tragedians the most spectacular is Eugene O'Neill. At everything in the theatre except being tragic and being comic he is a success. . . . Tragedy is transported to the intense inane. . . . The tension that is missing in his work is inner tension.
2. O'Neill has not as yet been able adequately to represent the bourgeois world as the nightmare which in the twentieth century it became, though his portraits of neurosis and decay are a labored and over-conscious striving in that direction. O'Neill's more powerful, *unconsciously* symbolic tendency was to try to flee the bourgeois world, not like Wedekind by standing it on its head, but by trying to deny its existence, by proclaiming exclusive reality for the eternal. It was O'Neill himself who stood on his head.
3. T. S. Eliot's "conception" [in *The Family Reunion*] is clear, noble, and mature. . . . O'Neill's "conception" [in *Mourning Becomes Electra*] is rude, simple-minded, gaga.
4. Where Wedekind seems silly and turns out on further inspection to be profound, O'Neill seems profound and turns out on further inspection to be silly. . . . O'Neill has yet to show us he has a mind. So far he has only been earnest after the fashion of the popular pulpit or of professors who write on the romance of reality. Precisely because he pretends to be too much, he

attains too little. He is false, and he is false in a particularly unpleasant way. His art is *faux-bon*. The "good clean fun" of a Hitchcock movie is better.

II

Since every critic has a right to his opinion, and in view of the differences thereof which have been O'Neill's portion, I, now that he has reappeared with *The Iceman Cometh* as a produced dramatist after twelve years' absence from the theatre, venture my own on the plays which he has contributed to the stage since first he began to function. In chronological compositional order, herewith the plays and the present commentator's views on them *in piccolo*:

1913-14. *Thirst* and four other one-act plays. Wholly negligible and plainly the work of a novice.

1914. *Bound East for Cardiff*. The first of his sea plays and the first indication of a significant new dramatic talent. A striking performance containing the seed of its author's future mental cast.

1916. *Before Breakfast*. A trifle. Little in it to encourage the critical hopes found in *Bound East for Cardiff*.

1917. *In the Zone*, *Ile*, *The Long Voyage Home*, *The Moon of the Caribbees*. The hopes were here re-inspired in this rounding out of the cycle of short sea plays. *In the Zone* is the weakest of the four, melodramatically effective but built around an all-too-obvious theatrical device. *Ile* and *The Long Voyage Home*, however, show an advance in character portrayal, the-

matic feel and dramaturgical expertness. *The Moon of the Caribbees*, the best of the four plays, is remarkable for the dramatic capturing of a mood and its projection. It remains one of the few genuinely important one-act plays in American dramatic literature.

1918. *The Rope*, *Beyond the Horizon*, *The Dreamy Kid*, *Where the Cross Is Made*. *The Rope* is an only fair excursion into psychopathic melodrama. *Beyond the Horizon*, his first full-length play (there were two written in his nonage which he destroyed and of which no traces remain), may be said to have influenced perceptibly the course of American drama. Its honest realism filtered through a poetic impulse came as a revelation to a stage chiefly given over, at its serious best, to rhinestone imagination and, at its worst, to vacuity illuminated by Broadway lamplight. While here and there suggesting a certain infirmity in dramaturgy, it betokened clearly the more finished work that was to come. *The Dreamy Kid* was and is a distinctly minor effort, and of no consequence. *Where the Cross Is Made*, the germ of the later full-length play, *Gold*, was and remains a fabricated one-acter partly redeemed by a potentially serviceable thematic idea.

1919. *Chris*, *The Straw*. Produced briefly in Philadelphia and withdrawn, *Chris* was a crude attempt at the play, *Anna Christie*, which was subsequently developed from it. *The Straw*, in its treatment of tuberculosis, is an unusual achievement of a difficult dramatic problem. Its

emotional orchestration is one of O'Neill's best accomplishments.

1920. *Gold*, *Anna Christie*, *The Emperor Jones*, *Diff'rent*. *Gold*, though possessing several unmistakable virtues, fails in its entirety because of intermittent aberrant planning and uncertain playwrighting. *Anna Christie* is a new and forceful handling of a familiar theme, deep in its characterizations, driving in its firm composition, and etched with real observation and understanding. *The Emperor Jones* is a masterpiece of its kind. Its cumulative dramatic effect is irresistible. The tom-toms starting, in Richard Dana Skinner's apt phrase, at the rate of the human pulse beat and rising bit by bit as a fevered pulse would rise and which are of the warp and woof of the drama itself, sweep one along and up into its mighty climax and leave one without breath. Into this study of the Negro's dream of release from bondage to the whites and, upon the dream's coming true, his defeat by the very tricks of the whites which in practice have brought him release, or what he images is release, O'Neill has introduced a symbolic fancy uncommon to American dramatic writing. The succeeding *Diff'rent*, however, is of small moment, a feeble distillation of Strindberg further debilitated by its author's handling of its materials.

1921. *The First Man*, *The Hairy Ape*. The former, with the later *Welded*, is one of O'Neill's two worst full-length performances. Here again, in both cases, close imitation of

Strindberg has brought its penalties. Aping the technic of Strindberg, as I observed at the time, O'Neill sets himself so to intensify and even hyperbolize a theme as to evoke the dramatic effect from its overtones rather than, as is the more general manner, from its undertones. His attempt is to duplicate the technic of such a drama as *The Father*, the power of which is derived not by suggestion and implication but from the sparks that fly upward from a prodigious and deafening pounding on the anvil. The attempt is a failure, for all that one gets in O'Neill's case is the prodigious and deafening pounding; the sparks simply will not come out. Now and again one discerns something that looks vaguely like a spark, but on closer inspection it turns out to be only an artificial theatrical firefly which has been cunningly concealed up the actors' sleeves. The author goes aground on the rocks of exaggeration and overemphasis. His philosophical melodrama is so full of psychological revolver shots, jumps off the Brooklyn Bridge, incendiary Chinamen, galloping hose carts, forest fires, wild locomotives, sawmills, dynamite kegs, time fuses, infernal machines, battles under the sea, mine explosions, Italian Black Handers, sinking ocean liners, fights to the death on rafts and last-minute pardons that the effect is akin to reading a treatise on the theme on a bump-the-bumps. He rolls up his sleeves and piles on the agony with the assiduity of a coalheaver. He here misjudges,

it seems to me completely, the Strindberg method. O'Neill intensifies his theme from without. He piles psychological and physical situation on situation until the structure topples over with a burlesque clatter. Strindberg magnified the psyches of his characters. O'Neill here magnifies their actions.

The Hairy Ape is in a class apart. Partly expressionistic and written with greater restraint if with greatly increased and sounder dramatic intensity, the play dramatizes its theme of despairing humanity gazing blinded at the stars with a drive that is not to be denied.

1922. *The Fountain*. A very uneven and not particularly successful fantasy dealing with the quest of Ponce de Leon. Some of the writing is eloquent, but more seems labored. The protagonist is described as "a romantic dreamer governed by the ambitious thinker in him." The protagonist's confusion is shared by the playwright.

1923. *Welded*, *All God's Chillun Got Wings*. As for the former, see the above comment on *The First Man*. *All God's Chillun Got Wings* is a study of miscegenation wrought with brave honesty, sympathetic comprehension and proficient dramaturgy. Its basic idea, the tragic difficulty in man's acceptance of reality and truth, is boiled out of the theme with a steaming emotionalism and persuasion.

1924. *Desire under the Elms*. The Strindberg influence is here again clear, but in this instance O'Neill has

exercised greater caution and selection and has not allowed himself so fully to be dominated. The result is a drama of passion and incest that does not get out of hand and that by and large amounts to a satisfactory realistic treatment of some of the elements in the classic Greek drama.

1925. *Marco Millions, The Great God Brown*. *Marco Millions* is a witty satire, crossed with the poetic mood, dealing with the exploits of that prototype of the American go-getter, Marco Polo. It is everything that *The Fountain* is not. Much of the writing is delightful and the sentiment in, for example, the little Princess Kuka-chin's eager search for the lost suggestion of her hero's soul has real body. *The Great God Brown*, with its employment of masks, is one of O'Neill's major efforts and in many respects comes off laudably despite the difficult problems it offers to stage presentation. The psychological essences of the drama are craftily distilled and, for all the complexities projected by the frequent mask-changing on the part of the characters, the play manages much of the impression designed by its author. What confusion there is is less inherent in the theme than in the mechanical adornments visited upon it.

1926. *Lazarus Laughed*. An unsuccessful attempt at what seems to be operatic Biblical fantasy. Less a theatre play than a libretto.

1927. *Strange Interlude*. A notable contribution to the drama. On an unusually broad canvas, O'Neill has

plumbed the psyche of a woman in relation to her men with a handsome understanding. His knowledge of character has never been better displayed by him. There are one or two moments when matters seem to evade him, but he thereafter recaptures his purpose and pushes ahead with suave comprehension. On the whole, a psychological drama again touched by the Strindberg philosophy which leaves its immediate subject matter convincingly exhausted.

1928. *Dynamo*. A conflict between the depths and surfaces of man resolved into a drama that is over-written, overstuffed, and that does not come off. Isolated scenes are dramatically stimulating, but the drama in its entirety becomes lost in its own tortuous philosophical alleys and leaves one with the impression that less symbolism and more simplicity would have served the playwright's purpose infinitely better.

1931. *Mourning Becomes Electra*. A fine paraphrase of the classic Greek drama. Bringing the incestuous theme of revenge into modern recognition, O'Neill has fashioned a tragedy that stands largely on independent feet and that presents his dramaturgical gifts in full flower.

1932. *Ah, Wilderness!* Turning from tragedy to comedy, the author has here achieved the tenderest and most amusing comedy of boyhood in the American drama. It is an answer to those who believe that he is without humor, a belief held apparently by such as have engaged some of his ante-

cedent work with a predetermined lack of humor.

1933. *Days without End*. Rewriting has spoiled a play that in its original conception was not without some merit. As it stands, it is an anachronistic treatment of its double-standard sex theme wedded to psychic release through religious faith. The many revisions made by the author in his several earlier drafts weakened the play's directness and have botched it. A poor performance.

1939. *The Iceman Cometh*. One of O'Neill's top achievements. A drama of the submerged tenth which vaguely suggests Gorki's *The Lower Depths* but which is not only a measurably better play but one that explores the confused and agonized souls of mankind with rare understanding and pity, and with powerful dramatic result.

III

Two additional plays have been completed during the last four years and are at the moment awaiting production: *A Moon for the Misbegotten* and *A Touch of the Poet*. Pending a view of them, what is O'Neill's critical status to date?

That he is the foremost dramatist in the American theatre is, as has been recorded, generally granted. His eminence is predicated on the fact that no other has anywhere nearly his ability to delve into and appraise character, his depth of knowledge of his fellow man, his sweep and pulse and high

resolve, his command of a theatre stage and all its manifold workings, and his mastery of the intricacies of dramaturgy. His plays at their best have in them a real universality. His characters are not specific, individual and isolated types but active symbols of mankind in general, with mankind's virtues and faults, gropings and findings, momentary triumphs and doomed defeats. He writes not for a single theatre but for all theatres of the world.

It is argued by some against him that he is no poet, and that his drama hence misses true stature. Specifically and in the conventional sense, he may not be, but he is nevertheless, as must be evident to the close student of his work, driven ever by the poetic spirit. His weakness, where and when it exists, lies in his excesses — the excesses of overemphasis, over-embroidery and over-melodramatization of the psychological aspects of his drama and of that drama itself. At his worst, these qualities edge him close to brooding travesty.

He has worked expertly in the field of tragedy, nimbly in the field of comedy, and less happily in that of fantasy. His brutality in tragedy is a handmaiden of the truth as he sees it. He cannot compromise with himself, right or wrong. Uncommonly gifted in a knowledge of the theatre, it may seem to some that he resorts occasionally to critically invalid devices to further his dramatic ends. If he does so, he does so unconsciously, never with calculation and deliberately.

He would be content, I am assured, to publish his plays and forego the profits of production.

He has written muddled and poor plays along with the valid, some very muddled and very poor. But the great body of his work has a size and significance not remotely approached by any other American. In a broader sense, he is plainly not the mind that

Shaw is, not by a thousand leagues — his is an emotional rather than an intellectual; he is not the poet that O'Casey is, for in O'Casey there is the true music of great wonder and beauty. But he has plumbed depths deeper than either; he is greatly the superior of both in dramaturgy; and he remains his nation's one important contribution to the art of the drama.



OLD WOUND

BY ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

AN OLD wound is never so completely healed
 That the knife that made it, suddenly revealed,
 Cannot awaken echoes of its pain,
 Cannot rake over dead leaves once again.
 Even Time, that better than salve or lore
 Eases the hurt and knits the open sore,
 Fails of its mark; for always comes an hour
 When a man is stabbed by music, or a flower
 Or thrust through once more by the sudden view
 Of eyes, or smile, or blade that ran him through.
 Always his fevers end in secret embers:
 The mind dismisses, but the scar remembers.

THE LEGACY OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON

BY NATHAN SCHACHNER

AROUND no other American have the storms of controversy flared and thundered with such violence as around the short, electric figure of Alexander Hamilton. The lapse of a century and a half has done nothing to soften the passions or allay the conflict. He is still hailed on the one hand as "an American colossus" and "the greatest American," and attacked on the other as "the arch-reactionary" and "the idol of Wall Street."

The reasons for this continuing exacerbation of temper are not far to seek. The issues over which Hamilton and his opponents fought so bitterly are fundamental in the history of the United States — perhaps in the history of the world. They have the same relevance in the atomic age as in the horse and buggy days.

For better or for worse the America in which we now live was largely shaped by the ideas and activities of Alexander Hamilton, and willy-nilly we still follow along the path on which he first set our stumbling feet. It is essential, therefore, if we wish

to understand the forces at work today, that we cut through the fog of partisanship and party clamor which has hitherto enshrouded Hamilton and attempt a revaluation of the man and his policies.

One of the most prevalent misconceptions that surround Hamilton is that he was a hardheaded, practical man of affairs with no nonsense about him, a solid businessman who would have found a secure niche in the National Association of Manufacturers, a single-minded captain of industry who had no truck with romantic gestures or "cloudy" idealism. Nothing is further from the truth.

For Hamilton was a strange compound of two strains that eternally contradicted each other. He *was* hardheaded, practical, clear-cut, and he *did* possess an infinite genius for details. He *did* profess a vast scorn for utopian schemes and windy generalities. But he was also, in effect, a wild romantic, a dreamer of impossible dreams whose most compelling passion was a thirst for glory, obsessed to the end of life with a vision of himself

NATHAN SCHACHNER is an attorney, novelist, historian and biographer. His books include Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton and The Medieval Universities. This is the second in a series of reappraisals of controversial personalities and events in our history.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as this country's Man on Horseback.

Both strains became visible early. At the age of twelve Hamilton's boyish legs gripped the rungs of a counting-house stool in the West Indies. He ran a large and varied mercantile business during the extended absence of his employer with astonishing success. Yet the youthful clerk, with a notable business career opening full before him, wrote scornfully to a distant friend: "I condemn the groveling condition of a clerk or the like, to which my fortune, etc., condemns me, and would willingly risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station. . . . I wish there was a war."

This might be set down to the natural fidgetings of a boy of twelve, were it not for the fact that the same irresistible impulse manifested itself at various later stages of his career. When, during the Revolution, he filled the highly important post of secretarial aide to General Washington, he deliberately picked a quarrel with his commander and resigned because he had been refused permission to charge the enemy at the head of troops of the line. When, as Secretary of the Treasury, his presence was essential at his desk, he forsook such mundane duties to lead in person the army he had gathered to crush the "Whisky Rebellion."

The climax of his career, to Hamilton, came not during his incumbency at the Treasury, but during those few breathless months when he was actually in command of an army that he expected to lead against the French

and Spanish possessions in the two American continents. "We ought certainly," he insisted, "to look to the possession of the Floridas and Louisiana, and we ought to squint at South America." When his dreams of conquest and glory were suddenly deflated by John Adams' refusal to be dragooned into war, Hamilton's fury knew no bounds. In his desire to strike back at the man who had kept him from fulfilling those dreams he not only dragged Adams and the Federalist party down in ruins, but also destroyed his own hopes for future political preferment. These were recklessnesses which no canny businessman could possibly have permitted himself.

II

Even in those far-reaching schemes of government and finance which Hamilton devised for the use of the United States and which his conservative disciples never weary of extolling as sound business sense with no nonsense about them, there are touches of audacity and grandiose magnificence that bespeak the true visionary.

What is his famous "Report on Manufactures" but a dazzling blueprint for an America that did not come into existence for more than sixty years after his death? At a time when this nation was essentially a land of small, separate, independent farmers and Jefferson was insisting that it forever continue to be such, Hamilton was envisioning a future of gigantic

industrial development, of thriving cities and humming factories, of endless-belt production and a flood of manufactured articles.

Nor did he balk at governmental interference with the sacrosanct processes of industry and commerce. While it is true that most of his recommendations would today meet with the hearty approval of big business — tariffs, subsidies, credit, good roads, etc. — he also proposed strict governmental supervision and inspection of manufactured goods to prevent frauds and shoddy quality!

Even when Hamilton seemed most the businessman, he had in steady view far larger ends than the amassing of wealth by the favored mercantile few. For example, the bankers and business men of today are most lavish in their praise of two things that their idol did — he established the public credit of the United States and he organized a national bank. These were indeed the most famous acts of Hamilton's career, the cornerstones of his fundamental policy. And, in order to bring them to fruition, he had to heap riches and vast unearned increments into the already overburdened laps of the wealthy while he added heavier taxes to the shoulders of the poor. Surely as splendid an example as one could wish of Hamilton's businessman psychology!

For what Hamilton was doing in these two measures was to take the depreciated paper obligations of the United States and of the several states and redeem them at par. It

sounds like an ethical procedure, but there were many who did not think so at all. They pointed out certain incontrovertible facts. These paper promissory notes had been issued to the soldiers of the Revolution in payment for wages and to farmers and others in payment for supplies. But most of the recipients were poor folk who lacked present hard cash for their daily living, and couldn't afford to wait the indefinite number of years when, if ever, the scrip could be redeemed. That was where the speculator came in. He cashed these pieces of paper for the needy at discounts as low as twelve cents on the dollar. Accordingly, if the scrip was to be paid off at par, the speculators stood to gain as much as 800 per cent.

But Hamilton insisted that that was the way it was to be done, and no other. He brushed aside all suggestions of turning over the differential to the original holders and allowing to the speculators only what they had actually paid. The scrip was negotiable, was it not? Those who sold and those who bought took their chances. That was sound business. If the rich got richer and the poor paid the piper in the form of increased taxes, that could not be helped.

The redemption bills passed, but not without an ugly clamor. For Hamilton's friends — rich men all — had feathered their nests by buying up all the available scrip on advance notice of the passage. It was boldly asserted that Hamilton had done well for himself also. This last, however,

was wholly unfounded. While Hamilton was willing to view with a benevolent eye the enrichment of the rich, he personally touched not a penny of the easy money lying around. When he left the Treasury, he was poorer by far than when he had entered it.

One must, moreover, go behind these seemingly damning facts. It is true that Hamilton wanted the "rich and well-born" to gain possession of the scrip and to cash it in for new United States bonds at par that bore a good rate of interest. It is true that he didn't care much for the poor as poor, or for people in the mass at all. But his primary interest was not in the rich as rich either; they were just as much pawns in the game he was playing as were the unregarded poor. If he favored the rich whenever he could, it was only because he sincerely believed that he required their strong, self-interested support in the single task to which he had dedicated himself with all the burning enthusiasm and mystical ardor of a saintly crusader of the Middle Ages. That task was to build a strong, united nation.

On such a theme he was eloquent, even lyrical. "There is something noble and magnificent," he cried, "in the perspective of a great Federal Republic, closely linked in the pursuit of a common interest, tranquil and prosperous at home; respectable abroad." For the consummation of such a vision he would have enlisted the services of the devil himself. Hamilton had no illusions about the

patriotism of the rich. Unless he made it worth their while they would not support his plans. "Make it the *immediate* interest of the moneyed men to cooperate with government," he had written over and over again.

Today, the idea of a strong national government, a united nation of which the states are mere component parts, is taken for granted. In Hamilton's time it was not only a novelty but something to be fought tooth and nail. Jefferson, Madison and their cohorts wanted to grant the Federal government sharply limited powers, chiefly for defense against foreign aggression, and keep the ultimate residual power in the hands of the separate and distinct entities making up the confederation. To these sincere men a centralized nation meant tyranny and absolutism, a rule by "the rich and the well-born."

Here indeed was the crux of the great struggle between Hamilton and Jefferson, a struggle in which a nation was forged. At every step of the way the battle was waged between the two giants. It was a clash over fundamental philosophical ideals. Which was more important: A mighty nation, prosperous at home and respected abroad? Or essential human liberties and the dignity of the individual even at the cost of national weakness in a world of power politics? It is a problem that confronts us even more emphatically today than in 1795. For the ocean that was a barrier then has shrunk to a mill pond in the face of rockets and atom bombs.

III

Hamilton was willing to sacrifice some measure of human liberty to build his nation. Jefferson preferred to jettison the idea of national strength in favor of a free agricultural community of sturdy, independent farmers. They both supported the Constitution because it was a compromise between their divergent views. Hamilton called it contemptuously "a frail and worthless fabric," yet he did more to insure its ratification than any other man. The *Federalist Papers*, in the writing of which he took the major part, have been hailed as the finest essays known on the purposes and nature of government.

Hardly had the Constitution been adopted, however, when Hamilton began to expand and stretch that document until its very fabric cracked. In its own clauses, carefully drafted to limit the power of the central government, Hamilton had to find the powers Jefferson had sought to limit. The issue was joined on his proposal for a national bank.

Hamilton wanted a national bank, under national auspices, to establish a free flow of government credit and once more to bind the "rich and well-born" by hoops of steel to the nation rather than to the states. For exactly the same reasons the bank was opposed as still another weapon in the warfare between the rich and the poor, between the nation and the states. Its opponents declared vehemently that nowhere did the Consti-

tution grant permission to the Federal government to charter a bank. But Hamilton retorted that the Constitution contained *implied powers*. Of what use was it to give the government the right to borrow money if it was not permitted to establish a source from which it could borrow? What about the clause that gave Congress the right to provide for the general welfare and the one that granted it the right to make all laws necessary and proper for carrying into execution these powers?

The debate developed into one of the greatest constitutional discussions this country has ever seen. Far more was involved than the mere chartering of a bank. The future of the country was at stake. If Hamilton's doctrine of broad and liberal interpretation of the phraseology in the Constitution were adopted, there was a chance that the "frail and worthless fabric" might prove flexible enough to meet all future contingencies. If Jefferson's and Madison's theory of strict construction were followed, the future would have been put into a straitjacket.

Hamilton won; Jefferson lost. Hamilton's arguments were later taken over almost verbatim by Chief Justice John Marshall and become the law of the land. The Constitution became a flexible instrument. Echoes of those ancient arguments are still heard in the halls of Congress and — strangely enough — in the ranks of business. For now that Hamilton's "liberal" interpretation has been used

to put through child-labor laws, labor-relations acts and other iconoclastic legislation, the so-called "heirs" of Hamilton have on occasion invoked the once despised arguments of the strict constructionists.

Hamilton won. The nation — as a nation — developed along the lines he had so eloquently laid down. The thirteen separate states were cemented gradually into an indissoluble union. It took a Civil War finally to make that point clear to all and sundry, but today there is no doubt about it even in the minds of our enemies. Hamilton won. The United States moved ahead to become the mightiest and most industrialized country in the world. If he were alive today, he would tread on familiar ground.

At the time, however, he was not so sure, especially after Jefferson's party swept him and his Federalists into the discard. "Mine is an odd destiny," he lamented. "Perhaps no man in the United States has sacrificed or done more for the present Constitution than myself. . . . Yet I have the murmurs of its friends no less than the curses of its foes for my reward. What can I do better than withdraw from the scene? Every day proves to me more and more that this American world was not made for me."

For Jefferson had also won. The structure of the nation was to be Hamiltonian; but the spiritual content became Jeffersonian. *Democracy, government of, by and for the people* — slogans that Hamilton loathed — grew in richness and depth. Even

when sinned against, they received at least the homage of universal lip service. "The rich and well-born," no longer — at least openly — rule America as Hamilton would have had them do. The many participate, or have the privilege to do so if they choose to exercise their right.

A just estimate of Hamilton must grant him a vital and essential rôle in the forging of America. Without his vision of unity, strength and industrial development America might never have survived, might perhaps have become a mere congeries of separate little sovereignties, torn by mutual dissensions, devastated by internecine wars, easy prey today for any modern totalitarian empire. An equally just estimate of Jefferson must grant him a similarly essential rôle. Without his humanizing doctrines America might today in turn have drifted into like totalitarian paths.

One thing more posterity, particularly our politicians, might take from Hamilton: a flair for bold, vigorous leadership. Aged nineteen, he copied carefully into his notebook a quotation from the first Philippic of Demosthenes: "As a general marches at the head of his troops, so ought politicians, if I dare use the expression, to march at the head of affairs; insomuch that they ought not to wait the *event*, to know what measures to take; but the measures which they have taken, ought to produce the event." To the end of his life Hamilton never deviated from this advice. Whatever his faults, he led rather than followed.

THE GREAT TILLAMOOK FIRE

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

IT STARTED a little after one o'clock on the hot and dry afternoon of August 14, 1933. Up to that hour the lookout forester perched on top of Saddle Mountain in western Oregon looked down on a world as handsome as man ever saw. Below him there were thousands upon thousands of acres of trees, taller than masts, greener than the sea, thick; straight, and old with the centuries — the fir named for David Douglas.

He loved this world beneath him, did the lookout, and guarded it with all of his faculties of sight, sound and smell. On this particular afternoon he was unusually alert, for the weather was bad. He scanned the hills, the valleys and the flats with a keen eye, looking for only one thing; and at a quarter past one on this August day he saw it. At that moment, as his eyes swept a wide arc to the north, a billow of white smoke came rolling up out of Gales Creek Canyon. He sighted along his fire finder a moment to make certain of the location, then picked up the telephone at his elbow and called his warden at Forest Grove, reporting in his usual laconic way and in the proper manner for lookouts, the section, township and range of what he said looked to be quite a smoke.

That was how first word of what was to be Oregon's greatest forest fire, indeed the greatest forest fire North America has ever known, came out of the woods. A moment before the lookout got on the phone, a logger on a crew working deep in Gales Creek Canyon had watched while a length of wire rope used in yarding timber sawed across a wind-felled tree. An instant later a thin puff of smoke curled up. In another instant it was whiter still, but not so thin, and the watching logger shouted. "Fire!" he cried. Fire it was, fire to burn up four centuries of trees, fire to remove an immense natural resource from the face of northwestern Oregon.

That was how it began, and this tiny beginning, so uncalled-for that the gods must have wept, was what the Pacific Northwest will remember for many a year as the Tillamook Fire. There have been forest fires more deadly to man than this one, but never one so deadly to trees, nor yet one so certain to be remembered so long.

Hundreds of men fought valiantly all night, on that August 14, and for all the good they did they might as well have remained in their camps. The fire leaped into the tops of the

trees and swept on with fearful speed, making its own wind as it went. Those great trees, many of them 300 feet high, burned like tremendous torches. I saw one great body of Douglas firs, each nearly 500 years old, burn savagely like so many huge columns of fat, spitting, crackling, then roaring like flame under a bellows.

Smoke rolled and billowed above the flames. It formed, for two days, a pillar and mushroom that stood clear and white and terrible five thousand feet above the forest. Presently ashes were drifting through the screens of the windows in Portland homes, fifty miles away. The wind over the fire rose at last to a hurricane and the noise was greater than the sea pounding the Oregon shore. It rumbled and thundered and was marked by the deep booming of ancient trees uprooted by the gale and crashing down.

Five hundred more men, then a thousand more, then two thousand were hurried to the lines that now formed a front along a hundred miles; and mariners far at sea saw dead embers fall on the decks of their ships, while the tides piled debris two feet deep along the Oregon beaches. Tillamook County, Oregon's great timbered pride, was going up in flame and smoke. I saw it burn and I never expect to see another sight like it.

Logging camps and the homes of stump ranchers went up. Time after time, when the great blaze suddenly lashed out at the fire fighters like an angry snake, the crews had to turn and flee for their lives, leaving their

trucks and bulldozers and pumps and hose and axes and shovels to burn on the spot.

Throughout the region deer in small herds and alone, frantic and confused, moved westward ahead of the flames, but many were caught and killed in their tracks. Cougars, the great cats of the woods, ranged with fear and uncertainty through the heavy smoke, coughing like humans and paying no heed to humans or deer. In a hundred streams, till then cool and clear, pools were soon white with the bellies of trout, dead from charcoal stomachs. (Fish leap at bits of charcoal, thinking them flies, and die from their lunch.) One could only guess, by the pitiful balls of naked flesh found after the fire had passed over, how the myriads of grouse and pheasants had fared.

A sudden shift of the wind, on the tenth day of the conflagration, brought immediate danger to Camp McGregor, logging headquarters of the Oregon-American Lumber Company. An hour later the main body of the fire was only half a mile from the camp, and spot fires were springing up within a few yards of the buildings. Men fought these near fires, a rear-guard action, while wives and children were loaded aboard a logging train. The train pulled out just as the camp itself started to burn fiercely. It pounded down the mountain, rocked around curves and crossed dizzily-high trestles that were beginning to smoulder, while back on the mountain the camp was going up in smoke.

The little hamlet of Elsie, set almost in the middle of this gigantic destruction, was soon surrounded by the fire, and for twenty-four hours it was believed that Elsie and all it contained had been wiped away. But through some quirk in the wind, Elsie survived. Not so another hamlet, Lukarilla. Settlers watched while Lukarilla, with its homes and barns and fences and one store, disappeared entirely. Strangely enough there was no loss of life here. Only one person died in all the fire, Frank Palmer, a CCC boy from Illinois, who was killed instantly when a big fir, uprooted by the wind, crushed him to earth.

The blaze burned itself out on August 24, after a fog blanket drifted in from the coast to smother it. In ten days it had killed twelve and one-half billion feet of fine timber. It burned over some 310,000 acres. How can one describe twelve and one-half billion feet of timber? There is no use piling it up, in Sunday-supplement style, beside the Empire State Building, which it would put in shadow many times over. But perhaps it will mean something to know that during the year 1932, twelve and one-half billion feet of logs was enough to supply the needs of all the sawmills, lath mills, shingle mills and pulpwood mills in the forty-eight states.

II

Desolation is the word to fit the scene in Tillamook County following the fire — the Tillamook Burn, as it is

called, covers an area half as large as Rhode Island. No man who has stumbled through the thick ashes and over the blackened windfalls will forget it: the stark silhouettes of trees; the stumps and snags like sable tombstones; the acres as far as the eye can reach, all barren; the desolate silence, as though a cosmic hush has fallen over the stricken forest.

This terrible quiet, as though all nature were brooding over the tragedy, will induce a mood hard for a man to shake off, especially so for a man who loves the forest, because he knows very well that a forest in its natural state is never quiet, never completely hushed. In summer the noises, though often muted, are obvious to the ear — the noises of countless beasts and birds going about their daily or nightly work of making a living. In winter, winds and frost add their bit of noise to that of the fauna still active, such as the squeak of a wood mouse under the snow or the soft *whishh* of a hunting owl.

That is why the utter silence of a burned forest fastens melancholy on a man — he knows that nothing lives in this stark area, no tree, no beast, no bird, and often no fish. Gibbon sat amid the ruins of Rome and pondered the decline and fall of an entire civilization. Many a woodsman has sat on a blackened stump and pondered the destruction of an empire of forest with all it contained, wondering how many of its denizens escaped, how many tragedies of nest and burrow occurred. Were the young grouse able

to follow their frantic mother out of the strange danger? Did some doe warn its mottled fawn in time — and did they run in the right direction? Did any fire department of the woods run a ladder up to the fourteenth story of an old snag where some flickers were nesting? And what happened to the sly, lone fox, a-mousing in the swamp, when suddenly he found fire on all sides?

III

Man was responsible for this devastation of an empire of timber. And promptly man set out to salvage what he could. Before the 1933 blaze had ceased to smolder, timber owners had formed a cooperative logging concern, and in the next dozen years had salvaged about one-third of the killed timber.

It is perhaps necessary to explain that fire does not burn up completely such gigantic trees as those in the Tillamook forest: what it does is kill them, whereupon hordes of parasites immediately set to work to eat up or rot the dead but still standing timber.

During the dozen years when salvage operations were going forward, nature was also taking a hand, trying to rectify the damage. The seed sources were many and they proved wonderfully fruitful; new growth sprang up and started to cover the ghastly scars, clothing the hills and valleys with new green. By the middle of 1945 on many thousands of acres

there was timber, new timber, as tall as a small house.

I went over much of the Burn early in 1945 and was cheered by what I saw. The forest already was tall and thick enough for a man to get lost in. Birds had returned to the area. So had animals, and the elk and deer were numerous. Again the streams were clear and cold. Many trout leaped in them. Indeed, all was going well until a year ago, in 1945.

What happened then compounded tragedy on tragedy, and a part of this new disaster probably stemmed from the war in the Pacific. This was the manner of its coming:

Early in the morning of July 9, 1945, a watchman on the Salmonberry River, in Tillamook County, roused to find the canyon beneath his station filled with smoke. The sight gave him the creeps, and with good reason, for forest fires do not ordinarily start at such an hour, when humidity is high and the dew is heavy on trees and underbrush. The smoke appeared to have its source in an almost inaccessible spot, a high bluff across the canyon. Many woodsmen thought then, and still think, that this fire was touched off by one of the Japanese incendiary balloons which had been falling in the Pacific Northwest since late in 1944.

In any case it was fire. The weather was ripe; humidity quickly fell as a wind like the breath of an open-hearth furnace swept down the Columbia River gorge and so on into Tillamook County. Inside of two

hours a great pillar of smoke, something like the one that rose here in 1933, had risen about four thousand feet. I stood on a ridge twenty miles away that afternoon and watched the cloud grow dreadfully fast. That night the whole horizon had a fitful red base.

The fire burned on. Two days later, as if planned by some horrible and efficient coordinator of forest fires, a second blaze broke out in Tillamook County, this time at Wilson River. This one was not set by an incendiary balloon from across the Pacific but (probably) by the cigarette of an employee of a logging concern. Twelve hundred men went to fight both fires. Their efforts, like those of twelve years before, were as nothing. The Salmonberry blaze and the one at Wilson River grew swiftly, and then, merging, blew up into one great holocaust.

It was 1933 all over again, only this time it was for the most part a new forest that was being destroyed; and this time it burned longer, for no heavy fog blanket came in from the coast to stop it. The second Tillamook fire roared on through July, August, September and into October, covering an area of more than 150,000 acres, nearly all of it burned once before.

What makes the Tillamook Burn so deeply tragic is that so much of the area has undergone fire at least twice. A once-burned forest will recover, for seed sources are left from the older

trees. But there is no hope for a forest burned a second time as thoroughly as this one was. The second time the flames took everything, including such seeds as were stored in the forest floor, and virtually all of the trees from which seeds might be expected to blow onto the devastated acres. Unless man were to take hold in a big way, nothing but weeds would grow here and even weeds would have a hard time of it in the burned-out soil.

It is fortunate that Oregon has for its state forester a man who grew up in the Tillamook woods, a man who is more often in the woods than in his office. Nelson Rogers is now facing the most gigantic job of reforestation any man has ever faced, for this vast and desolate region must be planted by hand, either with seeds or with young trees, or with both. Rogers is equal to the task, and long since he has had his young men at work, planting thousands of seedlings every day, making firebreaks and roads for protection, and telling the state of Oregon he must have \$750,000 a year for the next six years if the job is really to get going as it should. His young men have invented two new tools that will speed the planting fivefold, and his entire department, loathing the Tillamook Burn as only foresters can, is working enthusiastically.

But it will be many years before the Tillamook Burn will be anything more than a horrible example of what forest fire can do.



DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

The Language of Animals

IN THE midst of the grave problems, disturbances and weighing anxieties of the postwar period, England a few months ago found it possible to give its excited national attention for several weeks to a dog. English picture-papers were full of the dog. The solemn weeklies commented upon the dog, interrupting their stern discussions of Palestine to do so. At least three learned publicists made examinations of the dog, and delivered opinions suitable both to their learnedness and to the uses of publicity. Societies for Psychical Research interested themselves in the matter, as did a recording company. At the crest of the excitement, the facilities of transatlantic radio were made available, at what expense is incalculable, to bring the dog to the American audience; and those of us who were listening, one evening, to hear the latest happenings of this atom-haunted and nearly desperate day, were enabled to hear, to our surprise, a staccato sequence of growlings and woofings.

The dog was that immemorial darling among popular marvels: it was a talking dog. It was alleged to have mastered, all on its own and to the amazement of its possessor, the ability

to ask for a tidbit from the table by uttering the words: "I want one."

Talking animals are one of man's oldest and fondest fancies. There is not room to examine all the reasons why this may be so. It may be an old hungering going back to the day when our human way of life was simpler and closer to animalism than it now is, a time when we were closer in kinship with the rest of earth's clay-stained creatures, and had not left them to travel our solitary and perilous path of mind and spirit. After all, our lot is very lonely. There is a separation between us and all else that lives. The wolf does not know us; it cannot reach out a paw in understanding comradeship. Or perhaps it is a gesture of our egotism. Perhaps we want to read our human selves and human ways and human behaviors into everything else, because we want to swell and infect the whole creation with our likeness. Or perhaps it is mostly just an inveterate fancy for the fantastical, in a world against which we occasionally rebel as being too orderly and predictable. It may be any or all of these. At any rate, we have a very deep urge in us to close the gulf between us and the animals. We would shed our own burden of humanness,

and descend to them; or we would sharpen and brighten the dim blur of their consciousness, and raise them up to us. Can a dog perhaps hold speech with us? At the end of a long, hard war, for a diversity of reasons, we should very much like to think so.

That we can actually give an instant's half-credence, however, to the thought that the fancy may possibly be indeed a fact, is a dismaying nonsense. It indicates a total failure to realize the distinction — a distinction wider and wilder than the difference between fire and water, or between time and bulk, or between color and speed — that demarks the quality of human consciousness from the quality of animal consciousness. Speech, meaningful speech, is the product of a human world of ideas, values, linked awarenesses and intellectual insights, across the threshold of which no animal crosses. The simplest noun has behind it an idea-content, an immensity of abstraction, which are not part of the psychic world in which an animal moves. The crows, keenest of birds, do not have one kind of caw to designate a pine-tree and another caw to designate an oak. They are not aware of oaks and pines; they are not aware that trees are trees; they are not indeed aware of themselves and of otherness. It is the function of an animal to *be*: to experience life, and respond to it, and be influenced by it, and dance (as it were) to its felt tune. But it belongs exclusively to humanity to pass beyond being and achieve to the kind of perception-of-being

that can issue in comment-upon-being.

On the subject of the highest apes, presumably our nearest relatives in the animal kinship, there is no greater authority than R. M. Yerkes. He has said: "It may not be asserted that any one of the anthropoid types speaks." Furness spent a whole half-year in intensive efforts to teach an exceptionally acute female orangutan to master the words "papa" (as a designation for himself) and "cup" (for the vessel from which she drank). The ape did learn to make, occasionally and indistinctly, the two sounds. There was no good evidence that she ever acquired any understanding of their signification, or learned to use them purposefully as communication.

Many animals are imitative. Where the structure of the vocal organs permits it, they may be expert in mimicry. A bluejay can "speak" an imitation of a hawk; a parrot can make noises like the noises man makes. But of "speech" — the conveyance of idea in symbol — there is no trace, from the squeak of the smallest field-mouse to the growl and mutter of the biggest of the apes.

It is a curious thing, upon which the admirers of England's wonder-dog were singularly silent, that the standard yapping-noise of any terrier — *ow-wow-woo, ah-wah-wah* — has very much the sound, to an ear with a fancy for such resemblances, of the slurry utterance, as by a half-wit or a drunken man or a baby, of the words "I want one."

II

There are modes of communication below the level of speech. There is the language of gesture. There is the language of scent. There is a language which is a thing of sensings, feelings, unconscious sendings of impulse and unconscious receptions of impulse. For the purposes of animal practicality, there is no need of words. It is not necessary, to animal welfare, that there be reflection. It is necessary only that there be action. And at this level — at this degree of consciousness where the world is all emotion and action and the practical intelligence of

sensori-motor insight — the animals are excellently equipped with language of their own.

A bird is seized by a snake, and screams. The scream is not a “word”; but it is the sound of danger, and the birds of a whole countryside will come excitedly flocking to it. Or a snake is enraged. It cannot utter imprecations; but, all unconsciously, it looses a musky sour-sweet smell, and, all unconsciously, the creature that has enraged it takes warning of its anger. A doe is feeding with her fawn when danger comes upon them. The doe bounds away. As she bounds, her tail is flung up like a white signal-flag.



Speech without Words

Frank Utpatel

She has "said" to her fawn: "Quick! This way! Follow me!", and the fawn has "heard" and — at the animal level — "understood." There has been no deer-speech consciously and intentionally uttered; there has been no deer-speech consciously comprehended and obeyed. The world in which an animal moves is a world of sensing, feeling, acting; a world less of thought than of impulse and of the unrationalized wisdom of the muscles and nerves; a world of awareness and response, not analysis. It has its own language, subtle and diverse.

The psyche of a dog speaks with the psyche of a stranger-dog, when they meet, not by means of anything like human words, but quite otherwise: by the significance of a smell, by the significance of muscle-tenseness, by the raising of hair or the thump of a tail, by a dozen kinds of animal indications that are meaningful to dog-consciousness. When a worker bee has found nectar, it returns to the hive and "tells" the other bees; but it "tells" them by a ritualistic dancing. It has no intention, probably, to speak a message; and the fellow-bees have no intention to receive and interpret. The bee dances spontaneously; and the fellow-bees are stirred, and moved to follow, by a contagious excitement that lies far, far below the quality of comprehension. But it is a kind of language, nonetheless; a language effective in the realm of being of a bee.

Anyone who has played tennis knows how, with the growth of skill, it becomes possible to anticipate with greater and greater accuracy where an opponent is about to place a shot. It is an unconscious skill. It is not a thing of the thinking mind. It is a sensorimotor understanding. Similarly, anyone who has ever been closely intimate with another human being knows by what small and subtle manifestations moods may be expressed and understood, intentions hinted and guessed, unspoken things divined as though by a telepathy. Such things as these are pretty close to the quality of much of the "language" of animals.

Dog meets dog and they are in communication without a syllable. A vixen commands her brood of little foxes, and needs "speak" only with a muscle, only with a look. An animal-trainer becomes a little rattled, and instantly the tiny tremor of his hand, the infinitesimal edge of anxiety in his voice, has told his beasts that the instant is right to strike.

If the dog in England really mastered that human sentence of request, it was surely a strange waste of canine time. Dogs commonly "say" the same thing quite differently. They do it by a certain imploring gesture of cocked head, a certain melting and pleading in their eyes. Several million dog-owners could testify that this old spontaneous animal-speech is unimprovably effective.



BURTON HOLMES: AMERICAN TRAVELER

BY ARTHUR BRONSON

BURTON HOLMES and his travel film lectures have formed an integral part of the American entertainment scene for more than five decades. As America's No. 1 traveler, he has been around the world six times and has visited almost every country on the globe. His pictures of far-off places and the pleasant, entertaining commentary that accompanies them have been a familiar feature of the winter lecture series in small towns as well as big cities all over the United States for the past fifty-three years. In all this time he has missed only two performances, both times because of a sore throat.

Carrying on unobtrusively on the fringe of show business, Holmes has managed to outlast vaudeville, the silent films and Chautauqua, and to compete successfully with the theatre, talkies and radio. He has given more than 7500 lectures to ten million listeners, and has taken in close to seven million dollars. Today, at seventy-six, this cocky, dapper little man is still unchallenged leader in his field. The record is little short of phenome-

nal, but Holmes passes it off lightly by saying: "The only really remarkable part about me is that I've been doing the same thing in the same way for over fifty years — and getting away with it."

The years have apparently acted as a tonic. The past season, for instance, saw Holmes spiraling like a kid's top through a schedule which would have taxed the energy of a man half his age. There were two hundred engagements in all — about thirty per cent more than those for a normal season.

Usually Holmes spends his summers from April to October in travel; during November and December he prepares his pictures and lecture material; then from January to April he is off on his tour. The regular circuits comprise two loops, one in the East and one in the Midwest.

Ordinarily a travel talk series in a city consists of five lectures given once a week for five successive weeks. The Eastern series usually calls for the first talk to be given in New York on Sunday; in Brooklyn twice on Monday; in Pittsburgh on Tuesday; Phila-

ARTHUR BRONSON went into newspaper work after thirteen years in business. He is now a member of the staff of Variety, after a number of years with the Philadelphia Record as assistant music and dramatic critic.

delphia on Friday; and Boston on Saturday, with the second talk in New York following the next day. After five weeks of this round, Holmes hops to the Middle West to repeat the schedule. Chicago usually gets three showings — on Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. He appears in St. Louis on Monday; Cincinnati on Tuesday; Detroit on Friday; and Milwaukee on Sunday.

Because inactivity badgers Holmes, he always tries to fill the open days on his schedule with spot dates at colleges, clubs and forums. On some occasions he has done two or three shows in different towns in one day. For example, he may go to Trenton, New Jersey for a morning lecture; jump to Chester, Pennsylvania for an afternoon booking and return to New York City for an evening show.

The season just concluded was begun in September on the Pacific coast, four months earlier than his usual custom. After a short rest in December he took up his regular route in the East and Middle West. When Chicago's three courses of fifteen shows were announced, Orchestra Hall, with a capacity of 2600 seats, was immediately oversubscribed. Six extra performances were booked, and these too were sold out. Three additional performances given at the Opera House, seating 3600, were also a sell-out. The Philadelphia series had to be given twice each week to fill the extra demand there. All in all, the 1946 season was the heaviest of Holmes' career.

Originally, as Holmes tells it, he had

no intention of becoming a lecturer. He liked to travel and he liked taking pictures. "Travel," he once said, "has always meant more to me than everything else. To travel was — well, to possess the world." The discovery that people would pay to see his pictures was gratifying, of course, but also a little surprising. "It always seemed to me an unscientific way of making a living," he explains. "I just wanted to have a good time."

The places that Holmes has chosen to visit and photograph have always been picked with that idea in mind — the desire for a good time. News or educational considerations have been secondary. When Holmes does not enjoy himself — as happened a few years ago when he spent a summer in New England — it shows up the following season in a complete lack of enthusiasm for his subject, and the result is a poor show.

The son of a wealthy Chicago family which had made a fortune in grain, a taste for travel came naturally to Holmes. European travel was an integral part of the life his family led, and his maternal grandparents visited France regularly. When he was sixteen he accompanied his grandmother on a trip to England and Ireland. At twenty-three, financed by his family, he set off alone on what was to be the first of many trips to Japan.

Picture-taking was at this time a hobby. On his return home from the trip of the following year, some friends arranged a showing of his pictures, and decided to charge admission. There

were two lantern slide lectures, one on "Japan, the Country" and the other on "Japan, the Cities." This, his first professional travelogue, was given in his native Chicago on November 15, 1893. Since the series was patronized by society and friends of the family, Holmes made a profit of seven hundred dollars on the talks. He promptly lost as much by putting on the same series in nearby but not nearly so friendly Milwaukee.

However, when the family fortunes took a sudden drop a short time later, Holmes set to work to turn his hobby into a livelihood. His first pictures were stills. Four years later he advertised that "in addition to lantern slides in color, there will be presented for the first time in travel lectures, recorded motion pictures." These motion pictures were brief thirty-second items, sandwiched in between stills to give the illusion of constantly moving pictures. That they had little or no connection with the topic of Holmes' lecture seemed to make little difference. Thus a slide lecture on Thessaly contained action shots entitled "A Police Parade in Chicago," "Neapolitans Consuming Spaghetti," "Omaha Fire Department Responding to an Alarm," "The Empire State Express" and "St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome." The last, the first travel picture ever filmed, merely showed a goat wandering down the street past the church.

Although Holmes was abroad in 1918 and 1919 as an accredited war correspondent, his war pictures were

not his best subjects. The most successful series in Holmes' repertoire have dealt with the Panama Canal, the Passion Play at Oberammergau, France, England and Mexico. His biggest year was in 1912, when the Panama Canal was being built. The new waterway was then America's chief topic of conversation. Newspapers and newsreels did not seem to satisfy the public's desire for information about the project. "People wanted to see how you could get a boat over a mountain and make two oceans meet," says Holmes. "I showed them — in language I could understand myself." This travel talk on the Canal proved to be a tremendous draw; in one city he gave the lecture ten times.

II

The dean of traveloguers, Holmes has always been in himself a composite of the average tourist. The tastes and reactions of the average American abroad have been distilled in one man, one film and one talk. For those in his audience who have traveled, his appeal is completely nostalgic; for those who have never stirred from their own firesides, his lectures and pictures have acted as a window through which they too could see the world.

Strangely enough, Holmes has been least successful with his pictures of exotic places. American audiences, he discovered, prefer the countries they have already visited or want to see. His talk on the Paris boulevards has

always been a favorite, while his talks on Angkor the Great in Cambodia have usually received a cool reception. "The average man doesn't want to be made to feel insignificant," Holmes once said. "He doesn't want to think a lecturer has been to places about which he knows nothing. It took me years to figure that out."

Having once hit upon a successful formula, he has never deviated from the pattern. The nightly lectures that accompany his carefully selected films are never prepared. Each night the talk is a little different, depending on his mood. No matter how remote the scene may be, Holmes endeavors to convey the impression that his audience has been there too. The commentary is rambling and discursive, full of gags and old jokes, and as cozy as a fireside chat. The scene of a hotel or casino is an excuse to digress on the good times that Holmes may have had there. In fact, this informal, folksy approach — plus his appeal to the conventional taste of Mr. and Mrs. Average Traveler — has been the secret of his success.

During the years in which he has flourished as one of the institutions of show business, Holmes has never found his product suitable for export. He tried it once, in London during the 1903-04 season. Holmes tried to get the management to put an electric advertising sign on the roof of Queen's Hall, where he was to appear, even offering to pay for its installation. The directors were horrified: the sign would draw too much attention; it

would make the hall entirely too conspicuous. Whether for this reason alone or not, the paying public stayed away. From that time on, Holmes has confined his tours to the United States.

Domestic criticism of Holmes' brand of entertainment — and it has been considerable — centers on the superficial nature of his talks. According to the critics, his shows lack "social consciousness." This is no accident. In his wanderings, Holmes has never dug into the social fabric, leaving to others the discussion of economic and political issues. During the recent war years, Holmes shied away from any mention of the struggle of ideology in general. "I don't talk about the war," he said during an interview at that time. "My public is an escapist public. They don't like the boom-boom of war. I shall continue to give them sweetness and light." So, sweetly and lightly, Holmes has traveled safe and sane paths, remaining to all intents and purposes what he has called himself, "an uncommon Cook's tourist."

The war naturally confined Holmes' travels to the Western Hemisphere. His lectures on these topics have been supplemented by re-edited films of earlier odysseys. Thus, the current 1946 series of five travelogues was devoted to California, Hawaii, Quebec and the Gaspé Peninsula and Brazil, while the 1945 series surveyed the national parks of Utah and Colorado, the Grand Canyon and the Colorado River, Guatemala and the Yucatan Peninsula.

In earlier years Holmes roamed the

entire world unfettered, for the most part without incident or adventure. The only time he ran into any mishap was in 1939 when his left leg was broken in an automobile accident in Finland. Mrs. Holmes and a cameraman carried on to complete the film assignment, and there was no interruption in the lecture tours. The then sixty-nine-year-old showman continued his schedule, lecturing the following season from a wheel chair with his leg in a cast, appearing the next season on crutches and for two years thereafter with a cane.

In his more than fifty years of travel, he has visited every country in the world with the exception of Afghanistan, Iraq and Iran. He has made five trips to Oberammergau, and his pictures of the Passion Play there have proved to be among the most popular with his audiences. He has visited Russia twice, in 1901 and 1934. On his first trip he crossed from Moscow to Vladivostok in forty-two days of "fast" travel, and arriving in Peking just after the Boxer Rebellion, was one of the first civilians to go through the Forbidden City at that time. He was in the Philippines during the 1899 insurrection following the Spanish-American War; in 1935 he made a hundred-days flying trip to South America; in 1942 he made the arduous trip by river boat up the Yangtze to Chungking. These journeys, plus his many visits to Japan, are the memorable ones to Holmes.

On his first trip to Japan in 1892 he formed a deep-seated affection for the

land, which, despite the disillusionment of the past few years, he has never lost. In all, he has made ten trips there, the last in 1932. Japan made such an indelible impression on him that some years ago he filled his New York apartment, designed by a Japanese architect, with a rare collection of Oriental art and furniture, including a group of eighty-nine Buddhist statues and figures from Japan, China, Burma and Siam. At one time Holmes went so far in his enthusiasm as to wear Japanese dress at home. His trim Vandyke beard above the Oriental gown made him look as incongruous as a Bobby Clark in Bagdad.

His interest in things Japanese once led him to criticize the costume worn by Geraldine Farrar, former Metropolitan soprano, in the rôle of the forsaken Cio-Cio-San in Puccini's opera, *Madame Butterfly*. Stalking backstage with a mutual friend after a performance, Holmes bluntly declared: "No poor Japanese girl could afford a dress like that. Besides, it isn't authentic — it's a feudal costume in vogue a hundred years before the scene of the opera." He added he would be glad to bring Mme. Farrar the correct kimono if she would promise to wear it. The diva agreed, and on his next trip to Japan Holmes picked up a complete costume for about eighteen dollars. Mme. Farrar, as she had promised, wore the costume — just once. "It may be authentic," she complained later, "but it's too straight and severe. I have curves and the American public likes to see them."

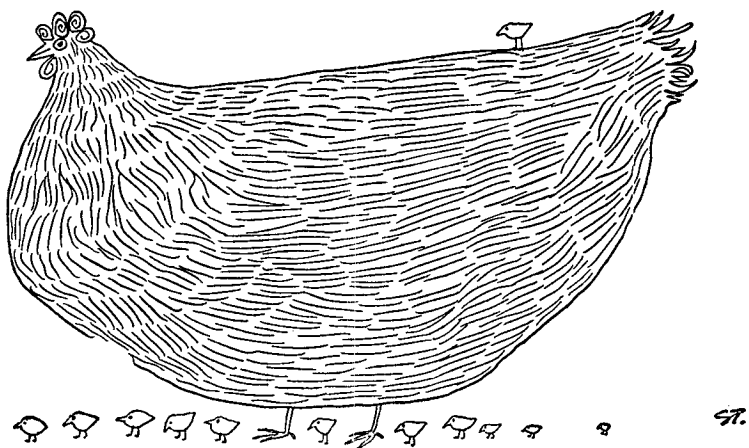
III

Holmes appears to have no intention of retiring. Sixteen years ago, at the age of sixty, he talked of quitting to settle down in the home he had purchased in Hollywood. Then he changed his mind. "I don't want to stop," he admits now. "I've just got my second wind. I need a little more rest, a little more sleep — that is all." A lively person of amazing energy and bounce, Holmes likes movies, night clubs and even an occasional burlesque. A serious drama or problem play scares him away, but seeing a floor show after an evening's lecture is prime relaxation to him. He likes to be with young people; they make him feel young, he says.

For all the money he has earned,

Holmes is not wealthy. He likes good living, and at one time was voted one of the ten best dressed men in the United States. A full, active life like his calls for generous expenditures, and he doesn't expect to die, as he puts it, "rich and disgraced." "Plenty of my friends," he says, "skimped and saved to provide themselves with luxuries and travel in later life. And what did they have? A lot of worthless stocks and bonds. I've spent my money freely as I've gone along. My leisure years will be spent looking back on a lifetime of pleasure."

Those leisure years, however, seem to be somewhere off in the tomorrows. "I'd like to stay around another seventy-five years," he remarked recently, "so that I might know this good earth better."



A JEETER WEDDING

A Story

BY DOROTHY THOMAS

THERE was nothing about the dilapidated Jeeter farmstead to recommend it as a lodging place except its nearness to the schoolhouse and the fact that the Clay Creek teachers had always stayed there. The house was unpainted and caveless, with a narrow front door that opened on to nothingness above a high stone foundation. There were hairlined holes in the foundation where sleepy dogs crawled out of hiding to bark a time or two and wag their tails for visitors. A clay and cinder path led around to the littered back stoop and the one usable door.

Inside, the place was more cheerful, with checkered tablecloths, rag rugs, and the choicest farm calendars of the last decade.

There was a large family of Jeeters, but at the time I came to stay with them there were only five at home: the old mother, the two sons, a daughter, and a baby granddaughter. The other daughters, excepting the

youngest, who was "working out" in a railway town "down the line a way," were married and lived on nearby farms. Before the first month was gone I met them all, big, blue-eyed, loud-voiced women, with the smell of the kitchen and the stable about them, and liked them well enough.

Ma Jeeter was a large woman with an enormous bosom that oozed down over the belt of her gray print dress and lay flat on her broad stomach. One of her eyes was gone. After I had been with her a while she told me how she came to lose it.

"It was the spring I was carrying my third girl," she said. "I went out to holler the men-folks up for dinner and fell off the stoop and broke it on some bush stubs. I was scared it would mark the baby but it didn't. I don't miss it much. Pa always said I should have a glass one but we just never got around to send off for it."

One of her knees was stiff so that she could not bend her leg at all.

DOROTHY THOMAS, one of the ablest American short story writers, was published in the MERCURY early in her career, and "*A Jeeter Wedding*," which first appeared in the September 1931 issue, is an excellent example of her best work. It is the third in a series of reprints of stories which attracted attention when they first appeared in the MERCURY.

"I don't know that it was really broke," she told me. "I was milkin' a heifer, and she kicked me, and by night my leg was black to the hip, and poulticin' didn't seem to help it none, and when I could get up and bear my weight on it again, that leg wouldn't bend. It's eleven years since I been upstairs. It's hard to piece the quilts I've pieced and never see 'em on the beds."

Some days her leg hurt her and she used a crutch her older son had made for her of a piece of gas pipe, bent at one end, and made comfortable for her arm with a piece of carpet wound about it. She had two chins. The upper one was bearded, and lay darkly upon the doughish whiteness of the lower one. She was a good cook and a good talker, and I liked to sit on the edge of the cob box and watch and listen while she lunched about the room getting supper.

The elder son was a broad-shouldered man of thirty with an entirely bald head. He had an impediment in his speech. When strangers spoke to him he fixed his blue eyes on them, and puckered his mouth and waited for the words he hoped to speak. While he waited a deep blush crept up over his baldness, and his Adam's apple rose and fell yearningly until the words came. In spite of his shyness and his speech difficulty, neighbors were always stopping their wagons to talk with him awhile.

The younger son was beginning his third year in the eighth grade of the school where I taught. He had the

family good nature and was always willing to carry in the cobs for the stove.

Lena, the one girl at home, was the most quiet of the Jeeter women. She liked to get out of doors, and would spread up the beds, and do what sweeping she considered necessary, and be out about the stables, or in the cornfield with her brothers, early in the morning, leaving the cooking and the care of her two-year-old daughter to her mother. Cold winter mornings she plodded about the barnyard in an old green coat of her brother's, her red petticoat whipping about her legs.

Ma told me about Lena one Saturday morning when I was helping her tie a comforter.

"Lena's been awful unlucky," she said. "The neighbors will tell you if I don't, and I'd sooner you'd git the straight of it. This child here ain't her first. The other was a boy; he's in a home in Omaha if he ain't been adopted out. I guess she'd sooner have kept him than this little one if she'd knowed what was comin'. She was workin' out in town then. The father was a married man but he liked her a lot, and he done what he could for her. He sent her to a hospital in Omaha to have it, which is more than any of the other girls can boast. It was a fine boy; weighed twelve pounds.

"This other fellow was our own hired man and a nicer man we never had on the place. He always shook his shoes out on a paper after he'd been in the fields, and he'd go out on the

stoop to smoke his pipe after supper even when it was cold, and he could play the organ too. He didn't seem put out, much, when Lena told him, and said he'd marry her, all right. The afternoon of the day she told him he took a load of grain to town and about nine o'clock the elevator man calls up and asks if that was our team tied up by the mill, and we never heard of him again.

"Some families has one weakness, and some has another. The Marshall boys is drunk half the time, and those Peaveys have six or seven kids that has been caught stealin'. I say a weakness is just a weakness and there's worse than the weakness this family's got. I don't say our girls didn't have their babies sooner than they should of, but they was awful good girls, and they's awful good mothers. All their husbands seem satisfied with 'em, even if some of 'em did rear up a little about marryin' 'em. You'll hear it said round here, maybe, 'There'll be a Jeeter weddin' if you don't watch out,' when they're guyin' a fellow, instead of sayin', 'There'll be a sheriff weddin'.' That ain't just. There was some dispute all right over some of the weddin's, but we had to call the sheriff for only one, and we got four girls married, and then, there's Evie —"

II

Ma was almost certain to turn any conversation toward Evie, her best, smartest, and fairest daughter. I had

not met Evie, but the school records, which showed that she had passed the county eighth-grade examinations the first try, and the fact that she had "worked out" three years without the breath of scandal coming near her, and the prettiness of her photograph on the living-room organ, upheld Ma's judgment.

There was a story Ma liked to tell about this favorite child. "The Kellys that Evie worked for before she went to town to work, is awful good workers, and awful good Catholics. That family will get up in the middle of the night to get their chores done so as to get to the early church meetin' in town on time, but they've had their share of bad luck the same as anybody. Three different times they've had their barn buildings struck by lightnin' and their house struck once. They got so scared of thunder-storms that they kept a candle burnin' in front of a saint picture in the hall upstairs, all fixed so it couldn't set the house afire.

"That was to keep the house from bein' hit, and burnin' that candle wasn't all they done. They went to a church in Omaha, or Sioux City, or some place, and had a special mass-meetin' put on against thunder and lightnin', and come home with a jarful of holy water they'd had blessed to keep the kids from bein' struck. One night Mrs. Kelly woke Evie up yellin', 'Evie! Evie! Go down and get the holy water,' and Evie got up, and started downstairs, and she said it was enough to make your blood harden to see that

candle puffin' up, and almost goin' out, and puttin' long shadders on the wall, and the lightnin' comin' about twice a minute, and the wind and the rain just terrible.

"She went into the pantry and climbed up and reached for the jar of holy water, and just as she shut her hands on the jar, there come a flash of lightnin' like to blind, and a terrible clap of thunder right on it, and she lost her footin' and down she come and busted the jar to shivers and spilled all the holy water. That stuff musta cost more than good whisky, and Mrs. Kelly was standin' at the top of the stairs jumpin' up and down, I guess, and yellin' 'Evie! Evie! Bring that holy water!' and Evie, quick as a trigger, fills another jar, and screws the cap on it, that had been on the holy water jar, because it had a red streak on it to mark it, and wiped the water off the side of it with her gown, and goes runnin' upstairs and Mrs. Kelly grabs it and runs and sprinkles all the kids, and Evie gets back in bed and lays awake all the rest of the night so she'd be the first one down in the mornin' to sweep up the glass."

Lena sometimes seemed a little jealous of her mother's pride in Evie, but one Saturday morning when she was dusting the living-room she took Evie's photograph from its place on the organ and squatted down and held the picture where her little girl could look at it. "See!" she said. "That's your Aunt Evie. Ain't she purty? Say 'Aunt Evie!'" and there was honest family pride in her voice.

If Lena's child had a real name I never heard it. Her mother seldom spoke to her, but her uncles and her grandmother talked to her a great deal, and called her Babe. When anyone spoke to her she put her thin hands up over her face, palms outward, and whimpered shyly. I think Ma was secretly ashamed of this un-Jeeter-like bad nature and tried to make it look like playfulness by saying, when the child put her hands over her eyes, "Babe want to play peek? Come play peek with Grandma!"

One evening shortly after the Christmas holidays I worked until dusk at the schoolhouse. When I came in through the kitchen, Lena met my hello with a sad sniff, and a sullen stare. Babe was sitting in her high chair by the cupboard making the weary sounds she made when she had cried a long time and was about to give it up. I took a match from the box on the warming-oven and went into the living-room to light the lamp. As I was feeling for the chimney I smelled the faint sour-dough smell that was Ma's and saw that she was huddled in her chair beside the base burner, crying. I knew that she wanted to talk to me.

"I am glad Pa died when he did," she began. "I'm glad he never lived till now. I was settin' here in this room the day he died, with the front door open to get a draft through, it was so hot. I was settin' right where the stove is now, shellin' a mess of peas, and all at once I heard Pa callin' me. I jumped up from where I was, and

let the pan fall on the floor, and ran out the door and there was Pa staggerin' up to the stoop, and Evie and the baby was standin' lookin' at him with their eyes big, and awful scared for their Pa. And he look up at me breathin' hard and says, 'Ma, I'm took,' and sure 'nuf he was took, took with a stroke from workin' in the awful heat, and he sinked down with his back against the house and his legs stuck out stiff in front of him, and then little Evie, she come and stood up close, lookin' at him, and he opens his eyes, and sees her, and holds out his arms and says, 'Evie!' and then he give a shiver, and death comes on him, and he rolls up his eyes and flops over dead. But I'm glad he died when he did."

I waited with the chimney in my hand, knowing that some catastrophe more recent than Pa's death had fallen on the house.

"Light the lamp," she said at last, "and I'll show you the letter. I guess I don't need to make such a fuss about a thing that's happened so many times in this house. I guess I didn't have no reason to think she was so much better than the rest of 'em, but I did think it, and after this long time she'd been workin' out and got along so well, and everyone sayin' how nice she is. Some days I've set here and think how she'd maybe go awhile with some awful nice man, and get engaged, and have a ring. I always did wish I'd have one girl to be engaged, and then be married with the preacher out from town, and all the neighbors in, and a

cake and everything, but I guess it's like I said; a weakness is a weakness and there's no use hopin' against it."

Evie's letter was brief:

Dear Mama — I guess you will be surprised. I am coming home in a couple of weeks to get married. I can't wait. Bill says he is willing we should get married right away and at home. He is a brakeman and has a good run.

Love,
EVIE.

Even the brothers seemed downcast about Evie's coming marriage. The bald one shook his head sadly when I got out the checker-board that night, and the younger one sniffled over his arithmetic. Lena slapped Babe when the child got between the lamp and her mending and Ma sat by the stove and sighed.

The gloom did not lift. Summoned by Ma, the daughters came over one at a time to mourn with her. When I came in at night I would find one of them sitting with her in the living-room, red-eyed with family sympathy. No one said, "I told you so," or "She's no better than the rest of us, and I always expected this to happen." Like Ma, they had loved her best, and believed that she would escape the shame they had each weathered so bravely, and come home some day to give them a fine Christian wedding, and save them from their sins.

III

Then one night, a week before they expected her, Evie came home. We were all in the living-room, and none

of us had noticed the car driving into the yard. We all started up when the door opened and Evie came in, laughing, and stamping the snow from her shoes. "Made the mailman bring me out," she said, and her voice was not loud like the other girls' voices.

Her brothers got to their feet and stood looking at her. Ma made an indefinite gesture toward her crutch and dropped her hands back on to her lap. She was crying. Evie went to her and laid a pink cheek against her hair. "Aren't you glad to see me?" she asked. Ma nodded toward me, and mumbled an introduction, and Evie said, "Pleased to know you," and smiled brightly. Evie kissed them all and then the boys went out to the kitchen and I rose too, but Ma said, "No, you stay," and, turning to Evie, "It's all right. I told her. She knows how it is." Evie smiled at me again. "Sure, don't everybody run away. Lena, have you made me some gowns, or underthings, or anything?"

"No," said Lena, "and you don't need to be so smart about it."

Ma put her arm about Evie's little waist. "You still look real nice; that's something," she said. "If you'd have wrote that your patterns was still all right we'd have made you some clothes. We did talk about it, but the girls said likely you couldn't get into them, so we give it up. You won't need much. You wasn't plannin' on havin' anybody outside, was you?"

"Say," said Evie, "I'm going to have everybody, and a dress, and a veil, and a cake. Why, Ma, you didn't

think I had to *make* Bill marry me, did you, that I was going to have a baby or anything?"

I thought Ma was fainting. She slipped down from her chair, her stiff leg thrust out in front of her like a gray log, and closed her arms about her girl. "Evie, Evie," she sobbed. "My good baby!"

Into Evie's wedding preparations, the Jeeter women put all the dreams they had ever had of weddings. The sisters came by twos and threes now, and Babe had other children to play with. The boys brought a paperhanger out from town, and had the living-room repapered. I offered my room for a sewing-room, and after school hours I sewed too. The sisters never tired of admiring the engagement ring. Evie explained the letter over and over again.

"I said he was willing to marry me at home because I went to so much bother to coax him into letting us be married here, instead of in town where all his friends is. I said I couldn't wait because I was afraid he would change his mind, if we waited, and hold out for being married in town, and besides he's going to get a leave and he's getting passes on his railroad for us to take a trip. The lady where I worked would have give me a wedding but I wanted to come home."

Ma could not go up to my room to sew because of her leg, so she sat at the bottom of the stairway and basted the pieces the girls tossed down to her, and kept her many grandchildren from

getting in the paperhanger's paste. She and the girls called back and forth, and when a garment reached the trying-on stage Evie would be pinned into it and they would all go down to have Ma look it over.

Lena seemed no less happy than the rest. One day Evie found a picture in one of my magazines of a bridal party with a little tot in a Kate Greenaway costume carrying the ring in a lily, and called all the girls to come and look at it.

"We'll have it like that," she decided. "Babe can carry the lily. Won't she look cute in a pink dress?"

"Aw, she's too little," Lena protested. "You'd better have one of the other girls' kids."

But Evie had decided. "Babe is the one I want," she said, and Lena blushed, laughed, and bent her head over her sewing, and the married sisters looked at Evie with love.

The wedding day was perfect. Snow had fallen in the night and much of the ugliness of the farmyard was hidden. The sisters and their families came for breakfast. The groom was there by ten and the guests began to arrive before eleven. Ma's bed in the downstairs bedroom could not hold all the gifts. Each guest put down his present with a gesture which said, "We've brought something pretty nice. We like the Jeeters and we like this wedding. In fact, this gift is as nice as it is to make up for all the gifts we should have brought the Jeeter girls at all the weddings there should have been."

The groom was a big, good-looking fellow. The men who had married Jeeter girls at very quiet Jeeter weddings shook hands with him and told him he was getting the pick of the lot.

A neighbor played a march on the organ and Evie came down from my room, very pretty in white satin and tulle. Lena's Babe went before her in bright pink taffeta, her slightly dingy underwear showing a little at the neck, the stem of the lily clasped in her thin fists. No lily in bloom had been found in the greenhouses of the two nearest towns, but the lily idea was not to be given up, so Lena, who was handiest with scissors, had cut one from crêpe paper, and fashioned it wondrously, bright green leaves and all, and one of the older girls had added the final touch by sprinkling it with sachet.

Though I stood across the room from Ma during the ceremony, I heard her breathing and saw her soft chins trembling. The daughter who had curled and arranged her hair had snipped off her beard, and dusted her well with pink powder so that she did not look like herself, but her teary blue eye was natural, and lively enough.

Lena stood beside me, tall and proud, and kept her eyes on her little daughter. It was the happiest wedding I ever saw.

The dinner was Ma's particular triumph. Before they got past chicken and mashed potatoes the men of the party came out of the awed silence that had fallen on them when Evie

first came down in her finery, and began to make good Clay Creek wedding jokes, and ask for second helpings. Babe set up a screech when they tried to take the lily away from her, so they let her keep it and she sat in her high chair and held the flower above her head with one hand while she stuffed food into her mouth with the other.

After dinner the bridal couple and most of the guests went out into the yard to take pictures. The groom carried the bride in his arms so that she would not soil her satin slippers that had cost her family half the price of a pig, and her youngest brother ran back to the stoop to get a prune box for her to stand on.

IV

I went up to my room but I was not alone long before the bride came up with all her sisters in tow. They had come to help her change into her traveling suit. One of the sisters had brought her baby with her. She sat down on the edge of my bed and began to nurse him. "You sure are hungry," she said, spanking him playfully. "Had to wait a long time, didn't you?"

The other girls stood about handing Evie pieces of clothing, laughing and talking in loud happy voices. Babe whined at the door and I let her in. She put the lily behind her and looked sullenly about her, fearing she would be sent away.

"You don't realize how lucky you

are," the one with the baby said, "to start in housekeeping with nothing to worry about but keeping house."

They all laughed at this, remembering.

"Never you mind," one of them said, "she'll have something to worry about, like as not, before the year is done."

Evie's head came up through the opening of a brown twill skirt. Her hair was mussed and I noticed that her eyes were not quite the Jeeter blue, but darker and steely.

"I will not," she said without smiling. "I won't have one this year, or the next, or the next."

One of the girls laughed rather uneasily. "You just think you won't," boomed the one with the baby. Evie slipped her arms into the blouse one of them held for her and put out a hand on either side waiting for the cuffs to be buttoned.

"No, I don't just *think* I won't," she said slowly. "I know good and well that I won't."

The room went silent, and the baby noticed, and let go his mother's breast with a loud smack, and lolled his head back on the thick arm that held him, and looked at Evie with wide-open blue eyes. Babe, too, felt that something was wrong. She raised her cake-sticky face from my wrist where she had been listening to my watch, went to her mother, and thrust the paper lily up into her face. "Smell," she whined. "Pretty."

Lena took the lily in her red hands and tore it into pieces.

THE LIBRARY

Twelve Success Stories

BY BEN F. & REDMAN

THE spate of biographies that began with Strachey is still with us and shows no sign of diminishing, but the Strachey influence, which for a time evoked so many conscious imitations, has lost much of its individual force and has diffused its strength, along with earlier influences, in the general biographical stream. It is a stream with a long history — despite the innocent surprise of those who were first lured to its banks by the author of *Queen Victoria* and his followers.

In the beginning you had to be a saint in order to have your life written, and for some centuries after that you had to be a king. Once the Normans had crossed the Channel, there was a quickening of interest in both history and biography, and it would have been a poor ruler indeed who lacked a *Life*.

With the Renaissance, as Gobineau and others have observed, man the individual emerged from man the

mass, thereby beginning a lengthy history of individualism which, in the judgment of some thoughtful persons, is now running out its course. More's lives of Richard III and Pico della Mirandola and Cavendish's life of Wolsey are outstanding biographies of the English Renaissance. Between them and Boswell's voluminous masterpiece lie the brief lives that have made Walton's name imperishable; and after Boswell come the solid, solemn, decorous tomes — which were also tombs wherein the dead might lie in state — against which Strachey voiced his protest.

For many centuries, the business of biography was the business of edification. That is seldom its business now. Fuller, in his avowal of his five intentions when writing the *History of the Worthies of England*, is the liaison man between the old order and the new. Those intentions, as expressed in 1662, were, in due and proper order: to gain some glory to God; to

BEN RAY REDMAN contributed "Sex and Literary Art" to the October 1946 *MERCURY*. For many years he wrote a well-known column about books, "Old Wine in New Bottles," for the *New York Herald Tribune*.

preserve the memories of the dead; to present examples to the living; to entertain the reader with delight; and "lastly (which I am not ashamed publicly to profess) to procure some honest profit to myself." The delight and profit motives have, of all five, displayed the greatest vitality. But there are other motives, for biography has been made the servant of many purposes — personal, political, and, speaking generally, controversial — so it is always wise when picking up a new biography to search out the spring of its being.

II

In the beginning, you had to be a saint or a king. Now you can be a thief, a dancer, a baseball player, or a call-house madame. But an old law still holds good: to be a fit subject for biography, you must be successful. Saintship and kingship were identified with success in its highest degree; and success, of all degrees and kinds, still rules the biographical roost. Of course, you may be successful even as a failure, but your failure must be spectacular; you must have climbed high before you were cast down. And what is the usual story-pattern of success?

Except for certain posthumous varieties, it is usually a tale of profitable adaptation to environment and circumstance, a tale of the manipulation of possibilities and the seizure of opportunity. That is the basic pattern of most biographies. That is the basic

pattern of all but one or two of the twelve biographies under discussion here.

Among the dozen subjects, there is only one woman; but she is a lady capable of holding her own in any company. Three writers, two editors, two politicians, one educator, one mystic (or shall we say charlatan?), one great composer, one jazz musician, and one distinguished family: these make up the group, of which only three members are still living. The books that they have inspired range from formal, definitive biography to informal reminiscence. Brevity is the soul of Abraham Flexner's *Daniel Coit Gilman*¹; completeness is the aim of Herbert Weinstock's *Handel*.² In *The Muses' Darling*,³ Charles Norman not only collects and arranges all the known facts of Christopher Marlowe's life, but gives warmth to his narrative by treating himself and us to a glowing appreciation of Marlowe's poetry. In *Stefan Zweig*,⁴ the author's first wife seeks to explain her husband to the world, and to make clear her own place in his career. Henry Luther Stoddard's *Horace Greeley*⁵ is a plain, unvarnished job; Rudolph Von Abele's *Alexander H. Stephens*⁶ is a considerably more complicated performance. Anyone who turns to Ellery Sedgwick's *The Happy Profession*⁷ for

¹ \$2. Harcourt, Brace.

² \$5. Knopf.

³ \$4. Rinehart.

⁴ \$3. Crowell.

⁵ \$3.50. Putnam.

⁶ \$4. Knopf.

⁷ \$3.50. Little, Brown.

a full account of a famous editorial career will have to content himself with a very fragmentary account. On the other hand, those who are inclined to shy away from Hesketh Pearson's *Oscar Wilde*⁸ on the ground that it presents an oft-told tale, should not follow their inclination; for Mr. Pearson has managed to give new emphasis to the familiar story. *Bevin of Britain*,⁹ by Trevor Evans, brings down to date a career that has become increasingly public, and, through the career, tries to give us an understanding of the man. *The Randolphs of Virginia*,¹⁰ by H. J. Eckenrode, is a multiple biography which celebrates a family that was briefly dominant in colonial Virginia, and famous thereafter. Two volumes round out the group, and, of the dozen, most readers will find this pair the richest in entertainment value: *Priestess of the Occult: Madame Blavatsky*,¹¹ in which Gertrude Marvin Williams shows us Isis really unveiled; and *Really the Blues*,¹² on which Milton Mezzrow and Bernard Wolfe have collaborated to produce an autobiography such as was never seen before beneath the moon.

Here then, in this small company, are a good many kinds and conditions of books, differing widely from one another in style, construction, point of view and object. But, otherwise dissimilar as they are, we find the suc-

cess motif repeating itself in them again and again. Repeatedly, man and moment come together; repeatedly, opportunity is seen and grasped.

Greeley and Bevin make classical beginnings: each setting out for the big city, penniless and threadbare, with all his earthly belongings wrapped in a handkerchief, slung from a stick. Greeley finds himself in a land that is ripe for the rough-and-tumble of personal journalism, and he goes to the top of the fighting heap. Bevin realizes the possibilities of industrial unionism, and exploits them to the limit. Madame Blavatsky, recognizing man's passionate desire to believe in supernatural powers, sees to it that the hungry shall not starve, if it is within the power of her bag of tricks to bring them sustenance. Handel rises to success in London by bending genius to the service of a fashion, and then fights valiantly to maintain that fashion.

Old William Randolph of Turkey Island founds a dynasty by cashing in on opportunities provided by colonial unrest. Gilman, handed millions of dollars and a clean slate by the trustees of Johns Hopkins University, knows precisely what to do, and does it. Ellery Sedgwick, while still a junior at Harvard, determines that editing the *Atlantic* shall be his business in life, and sets his course accordingly. Stephens, driven by ambition, succeeds through many decades in the remarkable feat of combining an inner life of gloom and despair with an outer life of efficiency.

⁸ \$3.75. Harper.

⁹ \$3. Norton.

¹⁰ \$3.50. Bobbs-Merrill.

¹¹ \$3.50. Knopf.

¹² \$3. Random House.

Wilde understands the art of entertainment, and the allied art of making the public pay for it. Stefan Zweig flees from the world into "hard, untiring toil," and in flight finds success. Marlowe throws away his life, perhaps, but not before his genius has spoken. Mezzrow does his best to destroy himself in various ways, and is always falling flat on his face in an attempt to clutch at success dancing just out of reach, but in the process he gives himself a fearful and wonderful ride on life's roller-coaster, whirling through a marijuana fog to the intoxicating rhythms of authentic New Orleans jazz.

The sum total of vital energy recorded in these biographies is enormous; the contribution of energy to success is plain. Wilde's is the only ostensibly indolent figure of the lot. Handel's capacity for work was prodigious, even after he had become a fat and puffing mountain of a man. He could compose an entire opera in two or three weeks, while the *Messiah* cost him exactly twenty-three days' labor. Greeley was his own slave and slave-driver, incapable of resting until he collapsed. Stephens was a "little irrepressible human steam engine," that never ceased functioning furiously, in contemptuous disregard of his contemptible body. Madame Blavatsky's reservoirs of vitality were inexhaustible, great as were the claims she made upon them. Bevin came up fighting all the way; Zweig was tireless within the confines of his own study; and the energy of Marlowe

may be safely assumed, even if it cannot be historically documented. As for Mezzrow the Great, reefer king of Harlem, he seems to have been made of indestructible stuff. The record permits of no possible doubt: vital energy is one of the best gifts the gods bestow.

III

How have these very differently qualified biographers executed their very different tasks? Let us begin with Mr. Flexner's life of Daniel Coit Gilman.

This is a spare, dry, objective narrative, which recalls those classical biographical models that stressed the unity of man rather than his complexity. Here are neither private thoughts nor private passions: only public work and public achievement. When the Johns Hopkins trustees turned to Gilman, aged forty-four, he was ready for them. Presidents Eliot, Angell and White could tell them only how to set up another college. Gilman could tell them and show them how to create a true university, dedicated to scholarship of the first order, in which teachers and students working together would advance knowledge and publish their gains. The influence of Gilman's achievement was far-reaching, and it is with this achievement that Mr. Flexner is almost exclusively concerned. Naturally, he is led to spend much space on the men whom the great educational executive gathered around him, for it is by virtue of its

faculty that a university stands or falls. *Daniel Coit Gilman* is an informative book, of limited appeal.

Mr. Stoddard's *Horace Greeley* gives us a view of the inner as well as the outer man; of a character that was obviously not well balanced, for the successful editor was a most unsuccessful husband and father. The home described in the pathetic letters to Margaret Fuller was aptly described as "Castle Doleful." Greeley might tell the farmers of America what to think, and help to make Presidents, but in his own house he was a stranger and powerless. He reached his zenith just before the Civil War, at the Republican convention of 1860, when he turned the delegates from Seward and forced the nomination of Lincoln; but behind that single triumph was the broader triumph of organizing Northern opposition to slavery.

Never well balanced, he lost his balance completely at last, and his end was tragic. His farewell note to Mrs. Whipple ranks with Benjamin Robert Haydon's final words as one of the most moving farewells to this world that have been uttered. Mr. Stoddard's version of Greeley's rise and fall is the work of a man who joined the *Tribune* less than five years after Uncle Horace's death in 1872. It is friendly without being fulsome.

Friendly, too, is Mr. Evans' *Bevin of Britain*; and here again the author is no encomiast. Trusting to facts rather than to interpretation, he

traces Ernie Bevin's rise from boyish farmhand to union organizer, to union administrator, to mobilizer of Britain's war powers, to His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He remarks that Bevin entered politics late, but this of course is a quibble, for Bevin's entire career has been political, as Mr. Evans amply demonstrates. Gifted as a lay preacher, he had a way with crowds and meetings; but he was a brain as well as a voice, a fact that was forcefully driven home to British employers, in 1920, by his masterly handling of labor's case in the famous Court of Inquiry. He also had vision. For him the function of trade unionism was not merely a blind battle for wages, but the organization of the whole industrial system.

Mr. Evans tries to prove that his hero has been interested long and deeply in foreign affairs, but one wonders where he could have found the leisure to pursue this extra-insular interest very far. This is a timely and useful work of explanation, if not of revelation.

Mr. Eckenrode has written the biography, or biographies, of a family "devoted to the high duty of getting on in the world"; but the record shows that the family's conspicuous success lasted only as long as its talents meshed neatly with the gears of its environment. The Randolphs flourished at a time when planter society was exhausting the soil, living beyond its means, and going bankrupt. They understood one political code perfectly, and dominated Virginia from

1766 to 1775; but the new order of things which followed the Revolution was one to which they found adaptation difficult. Somewhat loose in its joints and lax in its style, *The Randolphs* is enlivened by the scandalous history of Richard and Nancy, and the eccentricities of John of Roanoke.

Of all these books, *Stefan Zweig* carries the greatest cargo of sentiment. The woman who shared Zweig's life for thirty years, who stood between him and the outer world, "pregnant as it always was with disturbances," who did much of his research and wrote many of his letters, who had no existence apart from his, has set herself the task of telling us what manner of man her famous husband was, and what it meant to him to have her by his side. It is a touching story, ending in tragedy, written without bitterness, in a style that can be called old-fashioned; but we should realize that many expressions which sound high-flown in English would sound less so in their original German. Zweig, the gentle, sensitive, non-political, brooding, unhappy European, who practiced his art with a sense of dedication that is almost unknown on our continent, needed just such a wife as Friderike was. When he left her, he was lost.

The Happy Profession might have been an intimate book, but it is not. In it a great editor picks his way discreetly through his reminiscences, telling a number of good stories; but there is no opening of the heart. The book does, however, clearly illumine

one facet of its writer's character. It reveals him as no mere literary gent, but as a shrewd, resourceful man of business who knew just where he wished to go, and how to get there. After dear old Horace Scudder and some others who had sat in the same editorial chair, that was exactly what the *Atlantic* needed.

IV

Mr. Weinstock's *Handel* and Mr. Von Abele's *Alexander H. Stephens* are both carefully documented studies; the one necessarily objective, the other tentatively subjective. Handel was an extrovert who left few records for the psychologist; Stephens was an introvert who left enough evidence for a Freudian field day. But Mr. Von Abele is content to stop short at the psychological frontier beyond which lies psychoanalysis. He tracks the vice-president of the Confederacy through a tangled skein of state, national and secession politics, following his every turn and shift with scholarly fidelity, without ever quite managing to explain the hold which Stephens had over those who remained faithful to him. He is more successful in exposing the springs of his subject's action: behavior animated by courage "drawn from the deepest despair."

Mr. Weinstock's task has been one of recording rather than explanation, and he has performed it scrupulously. Here are Handel's travels, compositions and performances; musical season after season described in detail,

with lists of casts and singers; and the full texts of Handel's known letters. No love affairs enliven a narrative that is full of business matters (for Handel was impresario as well as composer), but operatic feuds do enliven it, and the author has done background painting to lend color to his story.

Mr. Von Abele and Mr. Weinstock have given us well-written books, carefully composed. And Charles Norman has given us another. His spade-work was less arduous than that of his fellows, for his sources were fewer and more concentrated than theirs. But it is what he has made of his material that counts. Looking at his subject with the eyes of a poet, he has reconstructed Marlowe's life from all the facts at our command, considered reasonable probabilities, allowed himself a few calculated guesses, and conscientiously refused to cross the line which separates genuine biography from the fictionalized brand. In addition, as I have said, he has done justice (some may think more than justice) to the poetry; which, after all, is the only reason why anyone is writing or reading about Marlowe now.

Mr. Pearson has stepped into a crowded field but he has justified his entrance. The Wilde whom we meet in his pages is the old Wilde, to be sure, but he is the same with a difference, for the characteristics that are emphasized are his kindness, his generosity and his happiness. Alone among wits, he never turned his barbs

against individuals; or almost never, for Frank Harris provoked a thrust against himself—but Harris would have tried the patience of a saint. Whenever Wilde had money, he shared with friends; happy himself, he enjoyed making others happy; and nearly everyone liked him.

This is a pleasant portrait. Mr. Pearson describes an exceedingly intelligent man, one of the most captivating talkers who ever lived, who never matured emotionally, and who had no armor against success. The biographer has arranged rather than organized his material, but he has arranged it for easy, informative reading; and, always knowing whereof he speaks, he has discredited many a hardy falsehood along the way. The second item of his subtitle, "His Life and Wit," he has documented by copious and dazzling quotation. As for Wilde's tragedy, given its proper place, but not more than its place by Mr. Pearson, we can best sum up in Wilde's own words, spoken at his wife's grave: "Nothing could have been otherwise, and life is a very terrible thing."

That the careers of successful charlatans are always fascinating, is a truth that may not speak well for literate man; but truth it is, and one that should assure Mrs. Williams many readers, for she has followed "the bold and crooked" life-line of the inventor of Theosophy with patience, ingenuity, intelligence and humor. Dark though the way and twisted, she has made facts speak for them-

selves: whatever condemnation there is of Madame Blavatsky in *Priestess of the Occult* is either implicit or explicit in the evidence.

Few stories are more extraordinary than this tale of the Mahatmas, their chosen mouthpiece and her bemused believers. And few are more amusing, to the unbeliever. Exposed again and again as a trickster, Madame rose from failure to failure, in America, India, Germany and England. Scholars thundered, "but they could not annihilate her." Indomitable, with her imperious will and her hypnotic eyes, she probably ended by accomplishing her own self-deception. Remarkably enough, as Mrs. Williams writes of her, the old fraud remains likable to the end. Reading her history, one reflects that man's passionate desire to believe makes him wonderful raw material for molding hands. It is a tragedy that he cannot fall permanently into the right ones.

Milton Mezzrow has been a believer, too: in New Orleans jazz, marijuana and the Negro race. His life has been a triple love affair with all three. He has played the one with the devotion of a fanatic, smoked the second with stubborn faith in its benign properties, and carried the third article of his credo to its logical conclusion by crossing the color line to take a wife. His clarinet has been heard in Capone cathouses and New York night clubs, and more than once it has been heard in jail. For four years he was a hophead. Now he is president of a jazz recording com-

pany, and still insists that marijuana is about as harmful as corn-silk.

Bernard Wolfe has helped him to write, or has written, his story with a vigor, a drive and a jazz rhythm that are irresistible. A glossary of some six hundred words and phrases explains the argot and high-jive of the text, and is calculated to make a philologist's mouth water. Wolfe told "Mezz" that his story would never do for the magazines: "they'd be so scared of corrupting the morals of the young." I think Wolfe had something there. Be that as it may, a publisher's blurb is right for once: "This is the damndest book." To twist a familiar phrase: It couldn't happen anywhere but here.

There is no masterpiece in this round dozen of newcomers to the ancient and honorable province of biography, no single book that promises to be read by generation after generation. But there is much information, entertainment and material for thought. Carlyle is responsible for the statement that a well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one, while Maurois insists that a well-written life is the rarer of the two. But Dr. Johnson declares on the other hand that "there has rarely passed a life of which a judicious and faithful narrative would not be useful." Most of the biographies discussed here meet the Doctor's requirement, for they are, in the main, both judicious and faithful. We may assume therefore, on the highest authority, that they are also useful.

THE CHECK LIST

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

CONGRESS AT THE CROSSROADS, by George B. Galloway. \$3.50. *Crowell*. It would be unfortunate if a pedestrian title prevented anyone from reading this superb study. Mr. Galloway has described in great detail the origins and present condition of all important congressional practices. The book is factual and impartial; it avoids the easy sensationalism that could be got by dealing in personalities. Possibly the greatest single service of the author is his description of the complexity of modern legislative processes, and the need for some such reorganization as that proposed by Senator La Follette and Representative Monroney (to both of whom the book is dedicated).

FRONTIER ON THE POTOMAC, by Jonathan Daniels. \$2.75. *Macmillan*. Here is an examination into the "government of the United States": the people who run the machinery in Washington, D. C. Mr. Daniels' approach is highly personal and impressionistic; he reports casual, unbuttoned conversations with officials on all levels and in all branches of government: congressmen and senators, Supreme Court justices and cabinet members, lobbyists and elder statesmen, newspapermen and society ladies; and he does not omit the secretaries who remember appointments and brew coffee for important men. The result is a pleasant book which affords rewarding reading in the way of Mr. Daniels' earlier books on the South and New England: human, lightly contemplative and inconclusive, but deeper than it looks.

RELIGION

THE GREAT RELIGIONS OF THE MODERN WORLD, edited by Edward J. Jurji. \$3.75. *Princeton*. The aim of this book is to "indicate the genius, development, and spiritual core of the major contemporary religions" — Confucianism, Taoism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Shintoism, Islam,

Judaism, Eastern Orthodoxy, Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. Each of them is discussed by a man who not only is really expert in the subject but also can write gracefully, clearly and with considerable drama. The editor's own chapter on Islam is a model of the popular exposition of a religious matter. Altogether, a book well worth the attention of the general reader.

THE STORY OF THE FAITH, by William Alva Gifford. \$5.00. *Macmillan*. Dr. Gifford, who is professor of church history and of the history of religions in the United Theological College, Montreal, has written a remarkably comprehensive and fair one-volume history of Western Christianity — he says nothing about Greek or Eastern Christianity for reasons of space. In a final chapter he has several critical things to say about contemporary Christianity. He thinks it could stand considerable simplification. "Having turned back long ago from canon law and scholasticism to the Bible, Protestantism ought now to go behind the Bible to Christ Himself." And he points out that the essence of Christ is not to be found in His miracles or His virgin birth but in His "ineffable goodness."

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE GREAT CHALLENGE, by Louis Fischer. \$4.00. *Duell, Sloan and Pearce*. Louis Fischer is an astute journalist with a wide acquaintance among the big names of contemporary politics and an intelligent understanding of liberal aims. He can write with authority about the epic ideological struggles of our time and he can also report a pleasant, gossipy interview with Lloyd George or Mahatma Gandhi. India and the Soviet Union are still Fischer's two main fields of interest. He believes that the problems of colonial imperialism and totalitarian expansion are inextricably tied up: either the democracies will begin to fight for democracy in Asia or they will lose everything to Stalin. Although the book is marred at times by

Fischer's penchant for airy pontification, it is altogether one of the best global roundups we've had in a long time.

BLUEPRINT FOR WORLD CONQUEST, *The Official Communist Plan*, by William Henry Chamberlin. \$3.50. *Human Events*. Mr. Chamberlin has here made available to American students of Soviet affairs some valuable source material on international Communism. The bulk of the book is comprised of three documents: the *Theses and Statutes of the Communist International* (adopted in 1920); the *Constitution and Rules of the Communist International* (1928); and the *Program of the Communist International* (1928). Mr. Chamberlin provides a commentary on the material, but the documents themselves are complete and unedited. It is open to question whether they can still be taken as a precise blueprint to be followed in detail, but the Soviet leaders have done nothing to indicate that their over-all approach to Western society has changed since 1928.

THE RAPE OF PALESTINE, by William B. Ziff. \$1.00. *Argus*. This book, originally published in 1938, is now reprinted with the addition of a foreword and epilogue which bring the discussion down to date. It is perhaps the most complete and most persuasive pro-Jewish analysis of Britain's handling of the Palestinian problem that is available for the general public. Mr. Ziff's central thesis is that there never has been a problem between the Jews and the Arabs; the struggle, he insists, is between the British Empire and the Jews. He charges the British Empire with almost every immorality known to international politics. The British want to make of Palestine "the new bastion of Empire, the center of British authority in the Near and Middle East, a secure fortress inhabited only by wandering tribes and reactionary sheiks and effendis" whom they can control with bribery. They know they won't be able to control the Jews in this or in any other way — and hence they want to keep them out of Palestine.

ALLY BETRAYED, *The Uncensored Story of Tito and Mihailovich*, by David Martin. \$3.50. *Prentice-Hall*. Beginning with the early days of the war, when the Soviets were among the fore-

most propagandists for Mihailovich, Mr. Martin rehearses the whole tortured story of Yugoslavia's development into a Communist state. His treatment approaches the exhaustive, analyzing in considerable detail even some obscure clashes between the Chetniks and the Partisans. An angry, vehement book: it might be objected that it is perhaps too much based on a personal-devil view of wartime decisions made by the Allies, and so underemphasizes the forces inherent in the Serbo-Croatian situation which were active in determining Yugoslavia's fate; but certainly the broad truth of Mr. Martin's thesis cannot be challenged.

BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN, by George Moorad. \$3.00. *Fireside Press*. Mr. Moorad's story of his experience as a war correspondent in the Soviet Union and in Eastern Europe is matter-of-fact and restrained in manner, sticking closely to personal experiences. The difficulties of working with Russian officials which he reports are familiar; his eye-witness account of Rumania under Russian occupation is fresher material, though here too he is describing a pattern that has become well known to American readers.

SOVIET PHILOSOPHY, *A Study of Theory and Practice*, by John Somerville. \$3.75. *Philosophical Library*. One would like to believe that the authorities at Columbia University had their tongue in cheek when they awarded the author of this apologia a "Traveling Fellowship in the USSR." Mr. Somerville proves to his own satisfaction that dialectical materialism is superior to "vulgar sociology," that freedom of speech is enjoyed by all Soviet citizens, that Shostakovich does not resent "socialist criticism," and that in Russia "the artist is encouraged to have an international outlook." Taken as a fairly comprehensive rationalization of Stalinism the book has a certain clinical value; as an exposition of Soviet practice it is worthless.

CRITICISM

WILLIAM BLAKE, by Mark Schorer. \$5.00. *Holt*. American literary criticism is often sociological, moralistic, or political, but seldom literary. Most of our critics seem to be lost in

(Continued on page 766)

THE OPEN FORUM

RESETTLE MIGRATORY WORKERS IN THE NORTHEAST?

SIR: I've just finished reading Vivian Keatley's article concerning "American Displaced Persons" [AMERICAN MERCURY, October 1946]. According to statistics, in the Northeast section of the United States there are 15,000 less farmers than in 1939. Also, there are a lot less dairy cows in the country and the chief reason is given as lack of help. As you know, there is an acute shortage of milk in the city of New York, and in Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey and throughout the United States.

Today I was informed that two farmers in Pine Plains, a dairy farming section a few miles from here, are selling out. One herd consists of 34 cows, the other 50, and the reason for their closing is given as lack of help. There just is no farm labor around.

Would it not be possible for the Farm Bureau, the U. S. Department of Labor and the U. S. Employment offices to select a number of these families from amongst these migrant agricultural workers that are drifting around the United States and experimentally settle them on farms in the Northeast? As I understand it, these migrant agricultural workers were native white American-born farmers, possibly at one time small land owners or tenants, who for reasons beyond their control were forced off their land and developed into crop followers. They possibly are illiterate, but there are already some workers on dairy farms who neither read nor write.

In a good many cases on dairy farms, the so-called tenant house has no plumbing and is heated by stoves, but whatever they are, they certainly are a lot better than the description of the houses supplied to or owned by the itinerant agricultural workers. All farmers in the Northeast eat, and eat good.

Might I suggest that Vivian Keatley take this matter up with the various government departments and see if some of these migrants could not be settled in this area. The United States government certainly has the machinery to do it, and I'm reminded of the fact that when Henry Kaiser couldn't find ship workers on the Pacific Coast, he hired labor in the East and shipped them West and he did a good job. Personally, I

think that if the government would attempt this they could settle a number of these families to the benefit of the farmers here and the government.

GORDON D. VOORHIS

Red Hook, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

SENATOR G. W. PEPPER'S RECORD

SIR: In your October [1946] issue, Fred Rodell starts his piece "Senator Claude Pepper" with a paragraph political profile on . . . George Wharton Pepper, saying, "Everyone knew that Senator Pepper, no matter what the issue, would vote the straight conservative Republican way."

Well, if it was conservative to vote for the Child Labor Amendment when the question was before Congress, the aftermath has been most interesting, for throughout the country the proponents were greatly fortified in their efforts for state ratification by his affirmative vote. And be it noted furthermore that Pennsylvania, Senator Pepper's state, many years ago fell into line with ratification while its neighbor, "Liberal New York," has to be classified with the very few states without the pale that prevent an end to the issue, and because of its size and importance, fortifies the non-ratifiers. . . .

A. ESTELLE LAUDER

New York City.

SIR: I could argue that Senator George Wharton Pepper's support of the proposed Child Labor Amendment was a thoroughly safe gesture, since everyone knew that its chances of adoption were practically negligible. I won't. Instead, I'll concede that this was an exception to Senator Pepper's monotonously conservative voting record. There were few, if any, others.

FRED RODELL

New Haven, Conn.

IN DEFENSE OF PETRILLO

SIR: Victor Riesel's article on Petrillo in the July [1946] issue of the MERCURY was far below the standard of many of the newspaper articles by Mr. Riesel which I have had the pleasure of

reading. It looks as if Mr. Riesel decided that Petrillo was a fair target at which to throw a little mud and thereby make a few extra dollars.

What if the "Little Caesar" should be a poor musician, uncouth, unfamiliar with the rules of grammar, guilty of all the thousand and one things the newspapers claim? Do the *MERCURY* and Mr. Riesel think such a superficial evaluation of Petrillo is accurate? Did Mr. Riesel discuss Petrillo with any of the thousands of musicians who, just a few years ago, were facing starvation because of the talkies, the juke box, the phonograph and the radio? There must be someone who could have told Mr. Riesel about the letter-writing campaign waged by the Musicians' Association in favor of "live" music and against the "canned" product.

Petrillo may not be much on letter writing and probably never read even one article on technological unemployment, but he provided the only answer yet found to the problem of what to do about men who are displaced by machines.

The tragedy of Petrillo is not that he sees no difference between a Heifetz and a cymbal crasher, nor that he refuses to let a child orchestra play for nothing over the air. The real tragedy is that musicians went hungry and could do nothing while the machine was taking their jobs. It took a "Little Caesar" to provide the only answer to the machine's scrapping of men.

Those who believe in the "Strong Man" theory should be encouraged by the story of Petrillo. Those who believe in the democratic way, in collective action based on collective thinking, should take warning.

NICK HUGHES

Renton, Wash.

PRISONERS' ORGANIZATIONS

SIR: I cannot turn away from Donald Robinson's "Communist Atrocities at Buchenwald" [*AMERICAN MERCURY*, October 1946], without the comment that the cruel practice of inner organization in penal institutions whose legal organization fails to function in an efficient, humane manner is not a foreign and strange occurrence. It is common and revolting and not always utilized only by Communists.

I would refer Mr. Robinson and others shocked by the medieval conditions that existed at Buchenwald to examine the inner organization that held sway in a Seattle, Washington, juvenile detention cell in 1945 and was finally brought to light and eventually to an end with the murder of one of the young inmates by the leaders of the

gang. My reaction to early reports of the Buchenwald atrocities was mild compared to my reactions to this incident when the clipping finally reached me during action overseas against all "isms."

There were no Communists involved in the Seattle atrocity. The culprits were merely misdirected, underprivileged American youths but, with a few changes, the statement of the Army official in the closing paragraph of Mr. Robinson's article could be applied to prisons at home. The inmates and the conditions of these prisons and their administration could stand further investigation; they are fertile soil for progressive democratic changes or they will breed exactly that to which Robinson has taken issue.

IVAN B. O'LANE

Seattle, Wash.

SEX, LITERATURE AND LIFE

SIR: I was gratified to see your article by Ben Ray Redman on "Sex and Literary Art" in the October issue. One of the most hopeful signs of the times is that occasionally some brave soul refers to what we have called literature in the past few years as "decadent." And although, as Mr. Redman points out, it may have a salutary effect of curing obscenity by exposing it to the sun of frankness, nevertheless it has undoubtedly lowered general morals by making indiscriminate readers believe that license is desirable, and the rule rather than the exception.

Unlike Mr. Redman, I do not believe the fault lies wholly with the authors. After all, authors need to eat. I have it from two personal friends, each of whom is a personal friend of a best-selling author (only two steps removed), that each of these authors was required to deliberately write in salacious material as the price of securing publication. One of the books thus affected is now being filmed in Hollywood, and the author of the other is defending damage suits from former neighbors who resented the manufactured "spicy bits."

I believe the worst threat to our literature and in turn its influence on American life, both personal and political, lies not in the authors, but in the standards of the people who control publication and promotion of sales. I wonder if we haven't borrowed too much from Europe, on both counts.

OLIVE W. GARVEY

Wichita, Kan.

SIR: "Sex and Literary Art" by Ben Ray Redman gave me a rather depressed feeling. Mr.

Redman overlooked so many chances to point out the true significance — to our postwar age — of the sex situations in the famous novels he mentioned. Even the significance of the many lady novelists' bias toward sex was ignored by him. The fact that our present frankness about sex in novels by respectable writers is the most striking symbol of the freedom women have gained since Victorian times is, I think, something that ought to be discussed more. Mr. Redman mentioned Tolstoi's Anna, Hardy's Tess, and Hawthorne's Hester, without realizing that all these women suffered horribly through belonging to a harassed minority. Women are a very large minority, but a minority just the same, as long as they haven't the same rights and freedom as men. Most of the modern novels, fortunately, show women acting with great bravery, even outmatching the men in their sexual behavior. This is good.

I don't agree with Mr. Redman that sex must always be dirty and that a new set of dirty words must replace the familiar ones if they lose their dirty meaning. In saying that full-length leg views so commonplace now give the modern man less thrill than his grandfather got from a revealed feminine ankle, Mr. Redman omitted the fact that bareness is healthy for women. Doesn't he think our much lower death and sickness rates among women and girls are at least partly the result of their modish nudity?

It seems to me that Mr. Redman is not interested in women being healthier or in women being liberated, but only in the quality of literature. But in my opinion, it is vastly more important for women to be free to the point even of going totally unpunished for anything they may do in a sexual way, than for literature to come up to the fine standards of the last century. In remembering how Tess broke my heart, I am more concerned with the fact that she was "born" about 200 years before Christian civilization abolished "illegitimacy," than with the beauty of Hardy's writing. If women had had their rights in Tolstoi's time we would have had no Anna, but we would have a much smaller number of tragedies. If Hester Prynne's punishment has not driven us to wipe "illegitimacy" from the law books, we have failed, although Hawthorne succeeded in writing a brilliant work.

ALMA BOOKER

Pittsburgh, Pa.

MR. O'NEILL'S PERSONALITY

SIR: "The notion that O'Neill entertains a profound satisfaction with everything he has

written and resents any opposite opinion — a notion that pops up between the lines in various critical treatises on his work, as for instance, Eric Bentley's recent *The Playwright as Thinker* — is nonsensical."

So Mr. Nathan in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* of October. May I deny, in the first place, that my book is a treatise on Mr. O'Neill and, in the second, that I consider Mr. O'Neill vain. I don't consider Mr. O'Neill conceited, modest, or anything else, in view of the fact that I don't know him. As far as I can recall, I have never written about him as a person, nor in my dramatic criticism have I knowingly impugned his character or his motives.

I might have ventured a cheap jest to the effect that Mr. Nathan has read *between* my lines only, were I not conscious of the fact that only a few months ago he gave my book a wholly honest and largely sympathetic reading. As things are, then, I'll submit merely that Mr. Nathan made a mistake.

ERIC BENTLEY

Minneapolis, Minn.

THE PROSTITUTION RACKET

SIR: The article in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* of September [1946] by Albert Deutsch dealing with the "prostitution racket" was rather a shock to me — not because of the recorded facts, but on account of the hopelessly biased tenor in which it is written.

Having given this problem some objective and — I believe — rather detached consideration as a sexologist, I asked myself: Since when are *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* and Albert Deutsch — consciously or subconsciously — paying lip service to convention and to the powers that be?

The article itself is unscientific and inaccurate. It is reactionary in its conclusions and recommendations. It is non-constructive and contradictory. It violates common sense. Aside from factual statements, it is nothing but an emotional hodge-podge of Puritanical prejudices, unless it is outright hypocritical.

Has Albert Deutsch never stopped to think that the only way the prohibition racketeers were put out of business was to repeal an illogical and unrealistic law? Is he unable to see the parallel, and is he too cautious to draw the logical conclusion?

To me, it seems intolerable in a democratic society that a woman should not be allowed to make use of her body as she sees fit, provided she does not spread disease (and it has been fully

proven that the uncontrollable "amateur" is a much greater danger than the partly controllable "professional"). Besides: suppression and police action are the methods of totalitarian régimes. In democracies, we use education, or we should use it. Furthermore, suppression has invariably failed. There is more venereal disease now than ever. It is time to use a new and more courageous approach: education to learn prevention and to develop a greater sense of responsibility in the exercise of personal liberty. . . .

HARRY BENJAMIN, M.D.

New York City.

FOREIGN LANGUAGES IN SCHOOLS

SIR: Mr. Steigman of the New York High School of Music and Art, in a *MERCURY* article ["What Ails Our High Schools?", May 1946] . . . opposes teaching languages to our high school students. He accuses language teachers of propagandizing a subject which is really for the select few, forgetting how few and how select are the high school students who ultimately turn out to be musicians and artists.

Educators from thirty nations gathered at Endicott, according to the *New York Times* of August 21, "declared that the atomic age made it imperative that people everywhere understand each other." Members of the U. S. delegation particularly suggested that "Americans should study either Spanish or French as their second language." It was brought out that "the schools in this country are paying less attention to modern languages than any land in the world." Lastly, "international conferences such as are being held in Paris and at Endicott show the need of a greater appreciation of foreign languages."

The Endicott delegates were not language teachers, interested in furthering their own subject. They came from many countries and from every branch of the educational profession.

The nineteenth century mentality whereby America was bounded on the east by the Atlantic, on the west by the Pacific, on the north by another English-speaking country, and on the south by a few foreigners unworthy of our attention is rapidly giving way to the realities of a global world in which English does not suffice. The lesson of the war, with its desperately intensified Army Language courses, has been too easily forgotten by America's Steigmans. All American students need foreign languages, which are effectively imparted not for two years at the

rate of three hours a week, but the European way — for four, six, and even eight years, from elementary school to college.

MARIO A. PBI

New York City.

SENATOR CLAUDE PEPPER

SIR: May I express my pleasure in that brilliant October [1946] cover? The caricature of Pepper is a stroke of genius. I have heard Pepper speak — one of the slickest political orators of our time — and I have followed his career with high hopes and, more recently, with dismay. Fred Rodell's article adds to my dismay over Pepper's incredible wrong-headedness on American foreign policy.

But the article also adds substantially to my already considerable admiration for *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*'s forthright, far-sighted editorial policy.

FRANKLIN C. WALLACE

Ann Arbor, Mich.

CANADIANS AND AMERICANS

SIR: As a former Buffalonian who served several years in the Canadian Army, I would like to take issue with a characteristic Canadian view, expressed as follows by Akeley Mitchell ["Canada As a World Power," July 1946]: "Whether they like it or not, Canadians, through radio, press and films, know almost as much about America as any resident of Buffalo. In contrast, the average American knows little about Canada . . ."

It is true that Americans are deplorably obtuse and ignorant about Canada. The Canadians are quite right to resent it and to belabor us for it. But I am not so sure about *their* understanding of *us*.

Many Canadians are too uncritically favorable to everything American. Plenty of others go to the opposite extreme. In any event, the clichés and over-simplifications about the States — legends founded on fact — which are so prevalent amongst Europeans, also work overtime in Canada. No doubt Hollywood, the radio and week-end visits to Seattle, Detroit and Buffalo have produced too much "little knowledge" — taken from the context.

It is a truism that one must live in a country "to get the feel of it." One has a head start for understanding Canada if he lives in Fort Erie, Ont. rather than across the Peace Bridge in Buffalo, N. Y. And *vice versa*.

ROBERT G. FLERSHEM

New York City.

INDEX TO VOLUME LXIII

Angoff, Charles: Arithmetic.....	103	Eastman, Max: Behind Soviet Foreign Policy.....	261
Sunday Morning.....	247	Ervine, St. John: For an English-Speaking Union.....	213
The Little Magazines.....	370	Evans, Paul R.: Old Words Make a Come-back.....	344
Song for a Winter Dance.....	688	Faulkner, William: Honor.....	485
Asbury, Herbert: When Prohibition Was in Flower.....	40	Fischer, Ruth: Stalin's German Agents....	563
Bayles, William: Hirohito.....	278	Forté, Joseph...288, 292, 411, 432, 466, 562,	570
Bilbo, Senator, Meets the Press.....	525	Frost, Frances: Tune for a Dance.....	524
Bliven, Bruce, Jr.: Armies Can't Be Democratic.....	89	Gregory, Bruce.....153, 166, 285	
Brailsford, H. N.: Roots of India's Troubles.....	24	Herndon, Booton: GI Traders in Europe .	313
Bronson, Arthur: Burton Holmes: American Traveler.....	735	Hicks, Granville: The Mind of a Small Town.....	154
Calahan, H. A.: Atlantis: The Lost Continent.....	623	Some American Novelists.....	494
Chekhov, Anton: The Night before the Trial.....	684	Holbrook, Stewart H.: A Forgotten Railroad Saga.....	70
Coen, Guido: Twenty Year Endowment...	66	Great Days of the Grangers.....	236
Corson, John J.: False Economy in Government.....	220	Salute to Buffalo Bill.....	294
Cross, Louise: What Doctors Know about Glaucoma.....	585	Robbing the Steam Cars.....	440
Dabney, Virginius: Ochs of the Times.	242	The Father of Birth Control.....	605
Dawson, Mitchell: How Bad Are Lawyers? ..	14	The Great Tillamook Fire.....	726
Deutsch, Albert: The Prostitution Racket Is Back.....	270	Hutchison, Bruce: Mackenzie King of Canada.....	661
de Vito, Ethel Barnett: Brent and Son...	336	James, Daniel: Hawaii's Claims to Statehood.....	330
Humility.....	417	Johnson, Falk: The Search for a Master Language.....	78
Old Wound.....	719	Johnson, Gerald: Arnall of Georgia — and '48.....	177
Devoe, Alan: Atom in Feathers: The Hummingbird.....	84	Johnson, Lucius W.: Need We Fear Tropical Diseases?.....	97
The Whippoorwill.....	208	Johnson, Vance: Monopoly on the March Again.....	645
Bullfrog.....	349	Kaplan, Milton: Mistake.....	39
Dooryard Nature.....	480	Portable Radio.....	455
The Wholeness of Nature.....	618	Keatley, Vivien B.: America's Displaced Persons.....	405
The Language of Animals.....	731	Kone, Eugene H.: Progress in Science.....	610
Dobie, J. Frank: English <i>vs.</i> American Newspapers.....	304	Lape, Fred: Bellwort.....	55
Dodson, Dan W.: Religious Prejudice in Colleges.....	5	Lasky, A. Victor: The Veterans Organizations.....	167
Douglas, W. A. S.: Some Horses I Have Known.....	149		
Too Rough for Capone.....	456		
My Uncle Jim.....	539		

Limpus, Lowell M.: Will the Elections Forecast 1948?.....	535	Saltonstall, Leverett: Notes of a Novice Senator.....	228
Loewenstein, F. E.: Mr. Bernard Shaw Regrets.....	174	Schachner, Nathan: The Legacy of Alexan- der Hamilton.....	720
Longfellow, Isabelle Bryans: The Real	293	Schlesinger, Arthur M., Jr.: Guide Posts to the Peace.....	629
Low, David:.....	660	Schuyler, Jack: What Is Known about Stuttering.....	337
Maurer, David W.: Rhyming Underworld Slang.....	473	Seeman, Bernard: The Myth of Philippine Independence.....	142
Marijuana Addicts and Their Lingo..	571	Siepmann, Charles A.: Storm in the Radio World.....	201
Mazurovsky, Disraeli:.....	447	Singh, Anup: Gandhi.....	21
Mazurovsky, Gregory:.....	396	Stanford, Neal: Anti-American Propaganda in Russia.....	517
Menuez, Caroline Bird: Businessman's Newspaper.....	676	Steinberg, Saul:.....	77, 108, 207, 269, 348, 404, 479, 534, 617, 740
Middlebrook, L. Ruth: Reminiscences of Tom Wolfe.....	544	Stevens, James: The Black Duck Din- ner.....	358
Milburn, Grace: The Tears of Love Are Frozen.....	212	Still, James: Maybird Upshaw.....	161
Mitchell, Akeley: Canada As a World Power	48		
Morton, David: No Recall.....	484	Teller, J. L.: Palestinians.....	286
Mowry, George E.: The First Roose- velt.....	578	Thomas, Dorothy: A Jeeter Wedding	741
Nathan, George Jean: Eugene O'Neill after Twelve Years.....	462	Towne, Charles Hanson: The One-Man Magazines.....	104
If Holly Wood Came to Dunsinane ..	598		
O'Neill: A Critical Summation.....	713	Utpatel, Frank87, 211, 351, 483, 621, 733	
Owen, Lyle: The Low State of Higher Learning.....	194	Visson, Andre: Paul-Henri Spaak.....	589
Padover, Saul K.: Why Americans Like German Women.....	354	Waldman, Louis: Can Courts Rule La- bor?.....	31
Pauley, Edwin W.: Reparations and World War III.....	654	Walker, Stanley: A Laurel Wreath for Simeon Ford.....	450
Polonsky, Abraham: The Marvelous Boy..	550	Wassersug, Joseph D., M. D.: Facts about Gall Bladder Disease.....	184
Raditsa, Bogdan: How Terror Rules Yugo- slavia.....	669	Improved Influenza Vaccines.....	706
Redman, Ben Ray: Sex and Literary Art ..	412	Weaver, Linda: From a Schoolteacher's Notebook.....	418
Twelve Success Stories.....	749	White, Owen P.: Mobile.....	696
Riesel, Victor: Petrillo of the Musicians Union.....	56	Wilson, Charles Morrow: Pipelines for War and Peace.....	426
Robinson, Donald B.: The Extraordinary Hatters Union.....	322	Wolfe, Bertram D.: Trotsky on Stalin.....	109
Communist Atrocities at Buchenwald.	397		
Rodell, Fred: Robert E. Hannegan.....	133	Yellen, Samuel: Pygmalion and Gala- tea.....	622
Senator Claude Pepper.....	389		
Roher, Miriam: Veterans and the Civil Service.....	689	Zisowitz, Milton L.: Shock Therapy for Insanity.....	467
Ross, John C.: Our Tasteless Food.....	433		



ETHEL MERMAN, star of the musical comedy world, relaxes with EQMM.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, famed author, editor and critic, is an EQMM fan.

YES, ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE is edited for people who, even in their lighter literary moments, demand "I. Q." in their reading. It's the magazine not only of crime-story connoisseurs, but of all readers who enjoy exciting, fast-moving detective stories provided they are well written.

EQMM is really quite unique in its field. Whoever heard, for instance, of a *mystery* magazine that boasts stories by W. Somerset Maugham, Mark Twain, Theodore Dreiser, H. G. Wells, James Hilton, and others of their literary calibre? Only Ellery Queen could have uncovered and published their little-known crime classics!

Again, whoever heard of a mystery magazine able to gather into its pages the best stories of practically *all* the modern masters of mystery — such writers as Dashiell Hammett, Agatha Christie, John Dickson Carr, Cornell Woolrich, Dorothy L. Sayers,

Georges Simenon, Percival Wilde and others equally famous? Only ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE!

And finally, whoever heard of a mystery magazine that could draw the huzzas of so many critical and discriminating minds — men and women like Joseph Wood Krutch, Raymond Gram Swing, Carl and Mark Van Doren, Major Alexander de Seversky, Amy Loveman, Edward L. Bernays and Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach — to say nothing of Xavier Cugat and Gypsy Rose Lee!

The explanation is that ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE is more than good reading — it's an *intellectual game* that thrills, chills and mystifies. It challenges while it entertains . . . stimulates while it relaxes . . . stirs the imagination while it provides happy escape. Try it for yourself — see for yourself! Buy the current issue at your newsstand today, or mail the subscription coupon at once.

ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE

25¢

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND
EVERY MONTH
OR
FILL OUT AND MAIL
THIS COUPON

ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE
570 Lexington Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

I'll try your intellectual game! Send me *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* every month. I enclose ☐ \$3.00 for one year ☐ \$5.00 for two years.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

AM-12-44



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of *The American Mercury*, published monthly at Concord, N. H., for October 1, 1946, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Joseph W. Ferman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of *The American Mercury* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: *Publisher and Editor*, Lawrence E. Spivak, 570 Lexington Ave., New York; *Managing Editor*, Charles Angoff, 570 Lexington Ave., New York; *Business Manager*, Joseph W. Ferman, 570 Lexington Ave., New York. 2. That the owners are: *The American Mercury, Inc.*; Lawrence E. Spivak, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.; Joseph W. Ferman, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.; Mildred Falk, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. J. W. Ferman, *Business Manager*. Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 26th day of September, 1946. Wm. D. Clement, *Notary Public*. [Seal] (My commission expires March 30, 1947.)

CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 758)

the realm of the truly esthetic — and generally confound it with something else. Mr. Schorer is a pleasant exception to the rule. He is a genuine literary critic; he has a fine feeling for literary values, impulsions and influences. In this book he deals profoundly with the work of one of the greatest religious and ethical poets of all time. He doesn't indulge in purple passages about Blake's mysticism or "madness"; he grapples with the poet's actual work, explaining it and correlating it with the work of his predecessors and contemporaries as well as with the social currents of his time. Mr. Schorer's final judgment is that Blake "demanded too much of art because he hoped for so much from life." The book is easily a landmark in American criticism.

THE NOBLE VOICE, by Mark Van Doren. \$3.00. *Holt*. Mr. Van Doren, who has always been a better critic than poet or novelist, has here, unfortunately, written a humdrum critical work. He considers ten great poems — the *Iliad*, the *Aeneid*, *Troilus and Criseyde*, *The Faerie Queene*, *Don Juan*, the *Odyssey*, *Concerning the Nature of Things*, *The Divine Comedy*, *Paradise Lost* and *The Prelude*. He has nothing truly fresh to say about any of these works. Some of the chapters, indeed, especially those dealing with Homer's two poems, are examples of modern academic criticism at its least illuminating.

THE WAR

AS HE SAW IT, by Elliott Roosevelt. \$3.00. *Duell, Sloan and Pearce*. Elliott Roosevelt has conspicuously muffed his unique opportunity to give the world a closer acquaintance with the diplomatic history of the war. The failure can be attributed to his amazing callowness in the field of international politics, and also to an assortment of naïve prejudices running roughly parallel to the Communist Party's present line. The tone of the book is set by comments like this: "British ambitions to play off the USSR against the USA would be a dead duck . . . if

Father had lived"; or "... in Turkey we supported British aims in chivvying a none-too-reluctant Turkey into the position of opposing any Soviet ambitions toward joint control of the Dardanelles." Elliott Roosevelt attributes his own party-line convictions to his father; at the moment there is no way of telling whether this is fair.

TOUR OF DUTY, by John Dos Passos. \$3.00. *Houghton, Mifflin*. There is, after all, no good reason why war correspondence can't be well written, but the tradition of hack journalism in the field is so strong that John Dos Passos' sensitive, perceptive reporting seems at first a bit affected. *Tour of Duty* covers the closing months of the Pacific War and the first winter of our occupation in Europe. His attention is focused primarily on the state of mind of the American Army. Rarely intruding himself into the narrative, Dos Passos is content to set the mood and then let the GI do the talking. We get an impression of strength and unity in the Pacific, of general demoralization in Germany. He makes no effort to explain this phenomenon: he is simply reporting the fact, and does it much better than anyone else.

COLLECTIONS

THE PORTABLE RING LARDNER, edited by Gilbert Seldes. \$2.00. *Viking*. By and large the stories and essays of Ring Lardner hold up fairly well after twenty-odd years, but he hardly seems the profound observer of American society that Gilbert Seldes' introduction claims he is. He was, however, a first-rate humorist who could write engagingly and perceptively about the banalities of this country's private life; and he was one of the very few American writers who has had anything wise or witty or satirical to say about the Great God Baseball. The two baseball stories, "Alibi Ike" and "You Know Me Al," would alone be worth the price of the book.

SEEING THINGS, by John Mason Brown. \$3.00. *Whitlsey*. This is a collection of weekly articles by Mr. Brown on varied topics, including many theatrical ones (a number of which are first-night notices from recent seasons), the joys of family life, personalities, etc. The pieces all show the marks of the author's enthusiasm, his desire to like people, plays, and living: they are all readable, if seldom probing.



The LITERARY BAZAAR

FIRST EDITIONS :: RARE BOOKS
AUTOGRAPHS :: LITERARY SERVICES

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

Anita Diamant, The Writers Workshop, Inc., Literary Agents. 27 years in the center of the publishing industry. We sell short stories, articles, books, radio scripts, plays. Verse also considered. Constructive criticism for new writers. Personal representation for established authors. Editing, revision. For information and references, 280 Madison Ave., at 40th St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE. Literary Agent, established 25 years. Manuscripts criticised, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts, Poetry. Catalogue on request.

AGNES M. REEVE Dept. M, Franklin, Ohio

OUT-OF-PRINT

WE SPECIALIZE and are successful in finding promptly the "Out-of-Print" or "Hard-to-Find" books which you particularly desire. Please write us stating "Wants." No obligation.

THE SEVEN BOOK-HUNTERS

Station O, Box 22 New York 11, N. Y.

LANGUAGES

29 LANGUAGES by LINGUAPHONE... Russian, Spanish, French, German — Direct conversational method for mastering any of 29 languages quickly, easily, correctly *at home*. Available under GI Bill of Rights. Send for FREE book. Linguaphone Institute, 6 RCA Bldg., New York 3. CI 7-0830.

GENERAL

COIN COLLECTORS — Read "The Numismatist." Published monthly. News, illustrated feature articles on coins and medals. Sample copy 25¢. American Numismatic Association, P.O. Box 577, Wichita, Kansas.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. Truth Seeker Co., 38 Park Row, New York 8, N. Y.

Out-of-Print, Rare, and Recent Books Supplied. Your "WANTS" will receive immediate attention.

No Obligation

OPAL'S BOOK SERVICE Westbury, New York

THE LITERARY BAZAAR places before you its large and active market. Announce your first editions, rarities, literary services, stamps, prints and coins in this section. A half-inch advertisement costs only \$9.00. Write Dept. LB-12, THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

2 OUTSTANDING MYSTERIES EACH MONTH
ONLY \$5 (Regular Price — \$6.00)

Thus, when you give a membership in the MERCURY MYSTERY BOOK CLUB you give not once but 24 times—for each welcome volume reminds the recipient of your thoughtfulness!

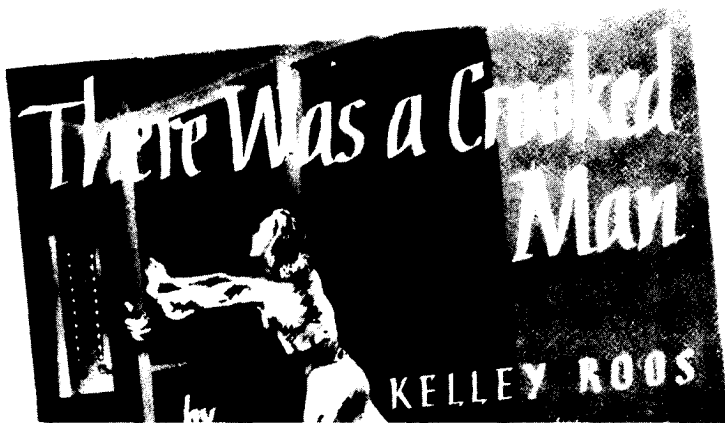
PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR MAXIMUM

Mystery

PLEASURE...

A Mercury Mystery



Mercury Mystery

25

NEW ONE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND EVERY MONTH

MERCURY MYSTERIES are carefully selected by an editorial committee for their pace, literary quality and readability. Sometimes they are reprinted in full, but more often they are cut to speed up the story.

PRODUCED 2003 BY JIVE.CS
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



HARWOOD'S

Blended

CANADIAN WHISKY

